THE PAPER THAT GRIPS.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 33. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JUNE 19, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Oatine FACE CREAM

Is this on your Dressing Table?

If not, you can have it there FREE!

Oatine Face Cream should be on every Dressing Table, as all who value their complexions insist on having it there. It is the one thing that keeps the skin healthy, and the complexion clear and clean. It not only makes the skin look clean, but makes it feel clean, which is equally important.

Oatine Face Cream is as valuable to men as it is to ladies. It is manufactured from the healing essence of the finest Oats, and is a natural cleansing agent. It does what soap and water cannot do: it gets down into the pores and clears away the dirt and grime embedded there. The dirt within or below the skin is the root of all complexion troubles, and unless this is removed it is impossible to possess a really healthy skin or perfect complexion.

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We have made arrangements to send to all gentlemen answering this advertisement a single sample of either **Oatine Cream, Oatine Shaving Soap** or **Oatine Shaving Cream,** or for 3d. in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, we will send a box of eight of the Oatine preparations including those of special interest to men, **Oatine Cream, Talcum Powder, Shaving Stick,** and **Shaving Cream.** We recommend all gentlemen to send for these without delay and personally test these unique preparations.

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CASH FOR READERS

A Word in Your Ear by the Editor of Brett's Publications.

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SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE

a new work on science to "The Modern Man" therefore, we shall not need to emphasise its unique importance. It describes in a non-technical way the progress of science and its influence on modern life, providing reading that is at once interesting and instructive, fascinating and informative. It is a book which should be read by father and son too; indeed it carries a message for all.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

o. 33. WEEK ENDING JUNE 19TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

THE GAY LIFE.

WHY DOES IT ATTRACT?

the youngster who has just reached man's e, there is undoubtedly an attraction in may be called the gay life.

votaries, hardened by circumstances and ated by experience into an almost irresistible macy, seem to him infinitely refreshing the dull average people he has been meet- his own family circle.

e young man finds his gay companions than entertaining. They are absolutely athetic. Remember that an excess of an sympathy is in many cases the explana- of their having adopted a gay life.

eir hearts, especially to a fresh young man as he is at this period of his career, are inely warm. Combine the fact that he s they thoroughly like him, with the added n which they possess in the matter of macy, and you will understand why these companions prove so interesting to him. ere are some men to whom a gay life never als. The music hall, the racecourse, the room know them not. Some say that they bloodless, and that, never having sown wild they are not likely to reap a very good est in the end. For my own part I think are lucky in being so constituted that a life does not appeal irresistibly to them. have been through the stormy period of life have weathered it, but I think that what one may gain by experience is more than eighed by the upsetting effect which a taste he gay life has upon your character. The lection of past pleasures makes you discon- ed and unsettled. here are some men so built that they feel must go through their probation in the gay If they will take my advice as one who has through the mill, they will keep out of it, do not think that, all things considered, the e is anything like worth the candle; all the e if they refuse to be guided by me in this ect, there is still one little bit of advice that ould like to give them, and it is to remember the gay life is only a phase of a man's er.

ou are going to live many years after the fit has passed and in anticipation of these s you should act judiciously. Injure no one our pursuit of pleasure. Guard against age to your health, for many a fine con- ation has been ruined by just a taste of the that is gay.

you must burn your fingers, remember these gs while they are in the fire, for as an old ; I may claim to know something about it. ut as I have already said, I think that the e for admission to the gay life is higher a man ought to pay, and the trouble about that the price is not exacted before admis- or even during the performance, but after- ds, and too often it is paid by lifelong in- ments.

A. T. SUTTON.

YRIGHT.

CHEEK.

Poplar paupers, we hear, are protesting against Mr. Lloyd George's attacks on the well-to-do and leisured classes.

N.B.—If a certain Poplar guardian gets his way every Poplar pauper will receive £2 a week in cash.

* * * * * * *

Sour milk is the latest aid to longevity. Many enterprising milkmen will supply it during the summer months without even being asked for it.

* * * * * * *

Among Miss Violet Charlesworth's effects was a stuffed tiger. "Stuffed" by her?

* * * * * * *

At Helston, we learn, they make a speciality of "furry dancing" on Flora Day. But there is nothing new in that; lots of our dancers dance in (their) skins—and precious little else.

* * * * * * *

It is stated that Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Charles Saunders, the eminent oratorio tenor, and Mr. H. G. Pélissier have been elected honorary members of the Cent Kilos (or Fat Men's) Club of Paris, the qualification for membership of which is a minimum weight of 100 kilograms (225lbs.). *Vive l'embonpoint cordiale!*

* * * * * * *

The Canine Defence Association, we hear, are protesting against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's proposed Income Tax rebate for every child under sixteen. The cash value of the rebate, it may be remembered, is the same as that of a dog license, and the C.D.A. consider that to estimate a child at the same worth as a dog is an unwarrantable reflection on the dog.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Bart Kennedy met with an unfortunate accident the other day. He stumbled on a grammatical sentence.

* * * * * * *

"With regard to the future of democratic politics, I will sum it up in the single word—insurance," says Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P. We presume he means insurance against democratic politics of the Churchillian order.

* * * * * * *

According to Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., "if the Budget passes there will not be in Ireland a voice raised for the maintenance of law and order." And if the Budget does not pass we imagine we are not likely to be deafened by Irish M.P.'s clamour for law and order.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Haldane states that arrangements for taking an annual census of horses are now in progress—and, if we know anything of Government methods, will no doubt be completed by the time the horse is extinct.

* * * * * * *

The Football Association, we are told, has "scotched" the Players' Union movement. But our objection to English professional teams has always been that there is so much Scotch about them.

NORMAN FRASER.

AN EVENING DRIVE.

THE STORY OF A MEETING.

One Saturday afternoon very shortly after my eyes were opened to the pleasures of physical exercise, I determined to walk to a village some ten miles away, have tea there and walk back again.

Twenty miles on end is not very much for the man who goes in for this sort of thing, but it was a lot to me, and long before I reached the village my feet were blistered and my legs tired.

I got there eventually, however, had my tea, and set off on my return journey. Like a fool I had selected a down hill road for my out journey, and I now had a stiff climb before me.

I got over about four miles of the way, nerving myself by thinking of the strong chaps I knew, and trying hard to forget that my feet were in agony. Presently it began to rain. I had no overcoat. I felt that this was the last straw, that the strenuous sporting life was an absolute farce. Suddenly I heard the clip-clop of a horse trotting behind me, and on looking round I saw a young fellow in a high two-wheeler, spanking along towards me.

As he came alongside he pulled up and asked if I would bear him company.

I got up beside him and he gave me the driving apron to put round my shoulders; he himself was sufficiently protected by a long overcoat.

We began to chat and I told him what I had been doing that afternoon.

"You're a rare plucked 'un," he said. "I've done just the same trip, but it's been behind this mare and not on foot. I wish I had your energy."

My downheartedness vanished in a twinkling; this little bit of praise and encouragement was exactly what I was needing at the time. My heart opened towards him and we discussed many aspects of sport, he knowing much of the matter from practice, and I possessing a little information from my reading.

The miles between where he picked me up and home seemed all too short. The rain was coming down hard, but it is a different thing to be in the rain behind a fast horse and with company, from facing it alone and with blistered feet.

That was the beginning of a friendship. I told him I had only just commenced to take an interest in matters sporting, and instead of laughing at me he was full of sympathy.

We agreed to meet another day and have a drive together, for he kept a trap. As our friendship ripened, he taught me boxing, and initiated me into billiards, rowing and other things that a man ought to know.

I do not know that I have given him very much in return except gratitude, and that I should never dare to express in words, for he is not the sort of man to take it kindly. I believe he has had his reward in knowing that he saved a chap from becoming a rotter and made him into something of a man.

F. TALBOT.

BOXERS — OLD AND NEW

Old times were changed, old manners gone. —SCOTT.

Probably no sport has been more completely revolutionised of late years than that of boxing, more particularly professional boxing.

Indeed, if some old-time hero of the ring were to come back to life and be taken to the National Sporting Club on a big night, he would no doubt stand amazed, first, at the appearance and character of the modern boxer, and next at his methods and tactics.

The old type of broken-nosed, beetle-browed, bullet-headed "pug" who in the intervals between fights lived in a sort of alcoholic trance, has given way to a man who generally has his fair share of good looks, who is often well-educated, and who never gives way to excess.

This is especially true of American boxers. Tommy Burns (of course, he is really a Canadian, but let that go), and Jimmy Britt are excellent types of the modern pugilist who treats his calling as a scientific profession, leads a clean life, and is fit to mix in almost any society.

At the same time, our own native-born boxers have also greatly improved in appearance, manners, and habits. Alas! that there has not been a corresponding betterment in their powers, at least not among our heavy-weights.

ALTERED TACTICS.

That brings me to my second point, namely, the extraordinary change that has come over boxing methods and tactics.

The old-timer placed at a modern ring-side would not only be amazed, he would be half-stupefied, for he would see every canon and principle of the "noble art" as he knew and practised it, neglected, flouted, and often directly violated.

To begin with, the present-day boxer's attitude would dumbfound him, who was taught above all things to stand erect, and to keep his head up and slightly thrown back.

Nowadays the best boxers adopt a more or less crouching stance, the head drooping to the right so as to be covered to a great extent by the point of the left shoulder. Even when he stands fair and square to his opponent the modern boxer crouches, so that if he gets a punch in the wind it loses half its force by encountering little or no resistance.

THE WAY TO PUNCH.

Then the punches of the present-day ring are very different from the slow straight-from-the-shoulder leads of olden times.

The deadliest blows nowadays are short jabs and hooks delivered at close quarters. The old-style "pug" relied mainly on straight leads, which could be seen coming a long way off, or if he tried a body punch he shortened and drew back his arm, thus again telegraphing to his adversary what to expect. The straight-from-the-shoulder lead still has its uses, but the modern boxer's game is to get close in, and then, like lightning, and without any drawing back of the elbow, to jab his man on the body.

These short-arm punches are terribly effective because the boxer makes up for the lack of swing and momentum of a straight lead by a peculiar twisting or pivoting motion of the body which enables him to get practically all his weight behind the blow.

The old-timer was taught always to lead with his left, whereas the modern "pug" will just as often dash in with his right straightaway.

But perhaps the greatest change of all is in the leg-work of the men, especially the Yankees, for it is in leg-work that most of our boxers fail, because the majority of our instructors never teach a man to use his legs. The Americans, on the other hand, devote quite as much attention to their legs as to their fists, and with their marvellous quickness of foot they often beat a man more by leg-work than superior punching power.

THE YANKEE OUTFIT.

The American's legs are, so to speak, a second pair of hands to him and it might be said that the Yankee boxer fights with his fists, his head, and his legs—also frequently with his tongue, an innovation to be regretted—whereas the average English boxer never thinks of using anything but his fists—at least, I think this is true of our heavyweights, who are as a rule too slow, too conventional, too muscle-bound to have a chance against the lightning-quick, convention-disclaiming, and limber Yankee.

I am far from wishing to make out that English boxing is on its last legs, but our heavy-weights are still too conservative, and they will not take the tremendous pains that the Yankee does over his preparation, neither will they study the theory of the game in the minute way that he does.

In the matter of training also there have been great changes. Huge chunks of under-done beef have given way to light, but none the less nourishing, and well-cooked meals, and the modern boxer eats practically what he likes so long as it agrees with him. He is abstemious, of course, but if he fancies a glass of good wine he has it; his object is to enter the ring, if anything, a trifle above himself, not as in former days, trained down to breaking-point.

EASIER TRAINING.

The old-style trainer first stuffed his man with heavy food, and then sought to sweat it out of him by harsh, continuous exercise, which inevitably made him slow and muscle-bound.

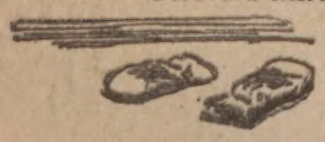
The modern boxer eats lightly and trains lightly. He avoids exercise which simply develops huge and for boxing useless knots of muscle, and he goes in for those exercises which will make him quick and keep him loose, as, for example, skipping, ball-punching, and "shadow-boxing," that is, sparring with an imaginary opponent.

Further, he varies his training as much as possible, never keeping on at any exercise so long as to become tired and bored by it.

Old-style training was a fearfully monotonous and heart-breaking business. Nowadays the sensible rule is to keep a man not only physically but mentally alert and agile—though here again the Yankees are ahead of us, for one of our heavy-weights recently threw away his chances by persisting in weight-lifting work, which left him slow and muscle-bound and a mere chopping block for his panther-like opponent.

Unquestionably the science of boxing has advanced greatly during the past fifty, or even twenty, years; the pity is that British boxers have not improved the most. There is time yet, however, and before very long we may whack 'em all.

T. D. MEADER.



ETIQUETTE.

XV. TITLES.

Dictionaries and other works of reference usually contain full information as to correct ceremonious forms of address in letter-writing, and here I am mainly concerned with the etiquette of titles in conversation, where it is easy to make mistakes.

For example, surgeons as a class strongly object to being addressed as Dr. So-and-So, and as a rule you should call a surgeon "Mr.," even when he holds the M.D. degree, and in writing to a surgeon you should address him as Blank, Esq., F.R.C.S., or whatever his degree is.

A physician, of course, is "Doctor" when you write to him, but don't in conversation call him "Doctor." Address him either as "Doctor Dash," or, if you are on intimate terms, by his surname only.

To address any man simply by his rank or title is generally bad form, though Army officers *above* the rank of captain are often addressed as "major," "colonel," or "general," especially by younger men of their own class, the justification being that an officer of field rank is generally well on in years, and the use of his title affords a happy mean between the too great familiarity of a young man calling an elderly one by his surname, and the too great formality of "Major Blank, Colonel, or General Blank," between men of the same social status.

To call an Army captain "captain" is always bad form. If you are of the same class in life call him by his surname; if you are socially his inferior address him as "Captain Dash" or "Sir." The "How d'ye do, captain," or "Good afternoon, captain," sort of thing is not only incorrect, but generally impertinent, and is usually used by bounders who wish to be unjustifiably familiar with a social superior.

Army lieutenants, of course, are always addressed as Mr. So-and-So.

A judge of the High Courts is "my lord," a county court judge "your honour," a magistrate "your worship," only when in their respective courts; outside them they are addressed as private individuals. Thus a judge being usually a knight would be Sir Somebody Something (in conversation "Sir Somebody"), and a county court judge or police magistrate "Mr. Whatshisname."

In the case of "doctors" or professors of music, letters or divinity, either doctory professor, or Mr. is correct, though remember not to use the title by itself. Many LL.D.'s and D.D.'s prefer the "Mr." Mr. Edmund Gosse, for example, although a doctor of letters, strongly objects to being addressed as Dr. Gosse.

Clergymen, not above the rank of reverend, are addressed by their equals as "Padre," but that is a liberty no outsider should take.

Mr. ——, although in the Navy and Army often dropped at very short notice, but where there is any great disparity in age, the younger man will show his good breeding by addressing his elder as "sir," now and again.

In speaking to a social inferior it is generally correct to address him as "Mr. Blank," though much depends on his exact position. For example, petty officers in the Navy, bandmasters in the Army, even when they do not hold honorary commissioned rank, are correctly addressed as "Mr. So-and-So," and so, too, are most subordinates holding fairly important positions, such as head clerks in business firms, butlers in big houses, and so on.

In talking to men about other men you usually allude to them by their surnames, where all are of equal standing, but in speaking of a superior to an inferior you should always give the former his full title; thus, if you have occasion to mention the principal of a firm to one of his clerks, you should always speak of him as "Mr. So-and-So."

When speaking of another man to a lady always give him his formal title; thus, don't say, "Do you know Dash?" but, "Do you know Mr. Dash?"

E. H. HILL.

Charles the Sport

RACING SKETCH.

BERNARD MACKLIN.

s on Newmarket Heath, he sun had not long d the dew still glistened grass, that I saw Mr. Tigg, better known as Dollar Jimmy," looking ure of misery. Marsh's had just passed us, but usually the most acute se-watchers, had not l to turn an eye on the quine aristocrats.

he most wonderful thing was that "Bet-a-Dollar was absolutely *alone*! s without his counter- as incomplete as an a frame without a In short, "'Take-you'- Bates" was not with Whereat I marvelled.

my!" I called across the illimitable He shambled back, his hands in his

a dollar," he began, as he fell into line ne, "I know what you're going to say. s you haven't been in Noomarket lately, hly probable you haven't heard the awful nce. Now—bet you a dollar. Ready ddie."

on," I replied cautiously. "But what is st from the course?"

I thought it wouldn't get into the sport- ers somehow. I'd have bet Charlie *that*. ir, it's like this, old Charlie Bates— you-Charlie'—is out of all handi- ead, off the earth and in——"

ere?" I asked.

l—I'll bet a dollar. Tossin' for half- with His Satanic Majesty or sellin' the r drops of water that they reckon they e from afar off. You've read what I sir. I heard some racecourse missioner about it once when I'd gone broke Funny u'll listen to anything when you're broke, ? Ah, Charlie, your mem'ry's with your still!"

aved his hand around the landscape and

eg your pardon, sir," he went on, in a d tone. "It's this bloomin' air. You ways back me for a little po'try when the singin' in the sky. It was the day after -ago Cesarewitch that I won my first off old Charlie over versifyin'.

et you a dollar, Charlie,' I ses, 'that I up somethin' sublimely original about lay's big 'un.'

ake you!' he ses. Ever since then not a assed but what I bet 'im a dollar and he ne. Ah, a sportsman was old Charlie. bout that po'try. We were strollin' over eath before breakfast, precisely the same and me are now, when I had what the all an inspiration. This was *it*:

en Boney got whacked at Waterloo,
nd the first Charles lost his head,
en Raleigh was dropped by Elizabeth,
ame as the 'Istry books said,
y all felt the same as I did,
nd my feelin's were far from joy,
en the 'orse I'd backed for me winter's keep
ot pipped by Corrie Roy!'"

Charles paid over that," I observed, "he have been a sport!"

portsman he *was*, sir! Handed me the without a word. His motto was the same ours Truly's—the ready iron every time, se it saves mistakes and is sever-i-al miles of Monday settlements. I remember him cleanin' me out properly once, though, and it was over a diamond pin we—er—acquired. When we had—er——

"Found it," I put in.

"Exactly—found it," James went on, considerably relieved, "he immediately bet me that the stone was a 'dud'—a dollar and doubled it twice. A little Jewish jeweller we knew was to decide it, and down went the ready iron, smart as usual. I didn't know Charlie partic'larly well in those days. He was the sort of chap who always gave you the impression that he was a sort of top-weight greener, which was very artistic on his part, for when the money was down Charles was bad to beat, and about as easy to get hold of as the oyster in oyster sauce at the principal restaurants in London.

"However, we found that pin, glitterin' in the grassy Birdcage, on the last day of a Second July Meetin' here in Noomarket. It looked lovely, sparklin' among the daisies——"

"Cut out the romance," I said sternly; "I've never seen a daisy pattern tie worn in the Birdcage yet."

"As *you* like, sir! Anyhow, that stone was a proper sparkler. When you moved your hand like this it flashed all colours, and a Sheeny would have gloated over it. So, promptly enough, my ready went down on the deal.

"Well, that evenin' we visits our Yiddish jeweller friend together. No, he hadn't no shop in High Street, his business bein' a little private connection, as you might say. The old gentleman was immensely wealthy, and he never paid through the nose for any little thing he bought—which, by the way, was a good job, for he had *the* masterpiece nasal organ, and he might have found it an expensive way of dealin,' I'm thinkin'.

"'Ach, you vant to sell me a dud, you g'huzzar,' he says (that's real Yiddish), hardly troublin' to look at the pin. 'Go avay.'

"So away we went, Charlie immediately drawing the quid over the bet decided, as agreed, by Mr. Mosenstein. Then I offers to make a present of the pin to Charlie, but he wouldn't have it. He said that as I—found it—it was mine. Charles was always a sport that way.

"Well, nothin' further happened regardin' that pin until we'd gone on to the Liverpool Summer Meetin' pursuin' our legitimate profession, which was tippin' winners. The pin looked so pretty layin' in my cigar-box at home in Noomarket that I had taken it out with me, thinkin' it safe to wear it as an ornament now, and further, to tell the crowd that it was presented to me by a gentleman to oom I had tipped every winner on the card at the Noomarket Second July.

"Now, sorry as I am to libel a confidin' public, Liverpool people are extra special prize idiots, and that pin story went well, so that we sold our tips at a bob a time like hot cakes. Appearance and a little swank goes a long way up North.

"Then Charlie comes in and makes the runnin', while I go round sellin' the briefs, him toppin' the argument up with the names of a few winners we did *not* give at the last Spring Meetin' at Liverpool. Business was extra. It was *the* day of the season. Give *me* the North Country for gamblers, sir, every time, and more especially the balmy open breezes of Aintree by Liverpool Town!

"Now everything would have gone O.K. with me that day if it hadn't been for the regrettable fact that all our briefs were marked with the first winner—a ten to one pop that strolled home so easy that all the lies we had manufactured about the promised dead snip in the first race came absolutely gospel. He jumped off with a clear lead, same as I kidded the crowd I *knew* he would, and never bein' headed, won in the commonest o' canters by four lengths!

"We were just preparin' to take up our pitch before the second race, when some h-obvious laddie from Lancashire comes up and nearly squashed me fingers in a Sandow-like grip.

"'Lad,' he says to me, 'A won ten pound over that horse ye tipped. I fancy that pin o' thine for my brother that's gettin' married and I'll give ye the tenner for it.'

"Now, between you and me, sir, the one thing we *never* did—old Charlie and I—was to back our own tips! Consequently we hadn't raked in anything over the race, havin' backed something to beat our tip, as usual. *Therefore* the offer of a tenner for a 'dud' pin fell like the gentle dew from heaven on my fevered brow.

"'Done!' I says. But before I could unscrew the protector from me tie, Charlie calls me all the pale blue fools in the infernal regions, and tells the chap who'd offered me the tenner to hook it quick before he got an ornamental eye. Charles looked beefy to the casual observer, and the lad from Lancashire greased like a two-year-old dodging the starting gate.

"'You blighted hog-washer,' says Charlie, after I'd favoured him with my precise opinion of his ugly self, 'that pin is no more "dud" than the Bank of England, and there's you wantin' to sell an article worth forty quid for a tenner.'

"'But Mosenstein's settlement of our little bet,' says I. 'Never mind Mosenstein,' says Charlie, 'I'll just bet you a tenner it *is* real if that'll satisfy you, and the winner to take the pin as well. Now here's the ready iron, laddie.'

"'Keep your tenner. You may want it, Charlie,' I said.

"'I challenge you,' he says. 'Are you afraid? A tenner that stone is real. Any jeweller in Liverpool to decide.'

"And he was right, sir. Right as the bloomin' winnin' post, was old Charlie that is now out of all handicaps—finally scratched by a ruthless Pen."

We walked on in silence for a moment, the turf springing under our feet.

"Well?" I queried.

"We went to ten jewellers in Liverpool that night," said Bet-a-Dollar James, sadly, "and not one offered us less than thirty of the best for the pin. Eleven quid and the pin itself did Charles, the Sport, win over that little sparkler I had—had acquired by the dexterity of me fingers! He won over it both ways 'dud' and real——"

"But," I interrupted, "why did he bet it was real when Mosenstein——"

"Isn't there some Latin motter which says, 'Speak nothing but good of the dead?'" asked the crest-fallen James, suddenly.

"*De mortuis,*" I began.

"That's it, sir. Well, if it wasn't for that motter, sir, I might tell you the horrible tale of how Charles went to Mosenstein the afternoon I *found* the pin, and got a quid—actually a quid—out of the cold-blooded Jew for tellin' him that I was goin' to try to ring a marvellous lifelike-lookin' 'dud' on him. So the old gentleman, who highly valued his reputation for 'cuteness, choked off the deal as I've told you, incidentally decidin' our first little bet over the pin."

He stopped as we struck on to the road leading into the town and fumbled in his waistcoat pocket.

"Here's the very pin," he said. "Would you like to give me twenty for it?"

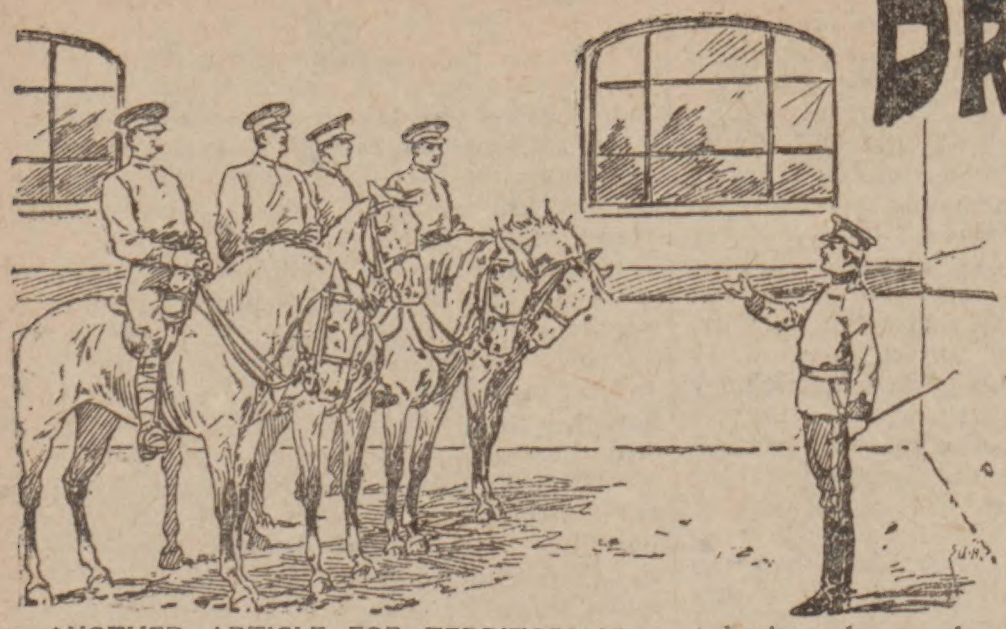
"No thanks," I replied. "Very possibly the owner is one of my friends. But it *seems* genuine enough."

I handed it back to him. He shook his head gloomily.

"Well, I'll bet you your favourite dollar it is," I offered.

"No," replied Mr. Tigg, "I've had my very last bet over that pin—thanks. The stone is in a screw-setting—see—and Charlie's had it some time. For one thing, paste replicas are cheap and deceivin' to the uncultured eye; for another, Charlie the Sport wouldn't rest in hell if he died knowin' he'd left anything but debts behind him."

DRILLING



ANOTHER ARTICLE FOR TERRITORIALS.

He who would drill men must first himself be drilled. This may sound trite, but it is very true, and this is where the Territorial officer is apt to "slip up."

The Regular officer, what with his Sandhurst or Woolwich training and his further recruit's course when he joins his corps, is drilled as a private for a long period, and thus is gradually trained for the functions of command. His Territorial brother-in-arms, on the other hand, unless he elects to go through the ranks, gets only a brief and perhaps perfunctory training as a recruit, and is called upon to drill men without having been through the mill himself.

I do not mention this in order to make stupid and unnecessary comparisons between Regular and Territorial, but merely to show that in offering some hints on drilling and being drilled, I am not trying to teach my Territorial grandmother to suck eggs.

FORGOTTEN IN A MOMENT.

That an officer should know his drill goes without saying, but many a man can repeat the Infantry Drill backwards, and yet be incapable on parade of commanding a corporal's squad of ducks. He loses his nerve, forgets his lines, and in stage parlance, "dries up" incontinently the moment he has to get men on the move. For such an unfortunate practice is the only cure, though something may be done by religiously working out drill problems and manœuvres on paper or with matches on a table.

For the average officer, however, the first trouble is not so much knowing what to say as how to say it—that is, how to give the word of command.

A good word of command goes a long way towards making a good drill. Some men are handicapped by naturally weak or indistinct voices, and I can only recommend such ones to try a course of elocution.

Assuming, however, that you have a reasonably strong voice, the first thing to remember is to speak up—orders *must* be heard—and then to deliver every command on a rising note—*crescendo*, I believe musicians call it.

THE RIGHT DELIVERY.

Every elocution master tells his pupils to raise the voice towards the end of a sentence and that is equally essential in drilling. The men should move on the last sound of the word of command, and therefore the final note should be as sharp, clear, and distinct as possible.

A bad drill will say "RIGHT turn," dropping his voice at the end, with the result that the men cannot hear the final note distinctly, and some move too soon, others too late. The good drill, on the other hand, would give the order thus: "Ri—TUN."

The comic papers often make fun of the way Army officers give their orders, and certain drill lingo is often unintelligible to the civilian. "Shoulder arms" usually becomes "Shudder ums," and I remember my dear old adjutant at Sandhurst always used to say "Queek PARCH," but there is sense in such a contraction as "ums" for "arms," for if you give "arms" as "arrums" or "ar-r-rms" the men are apt to get unsteady. You want them to move on the jump, and therefore the final "cue" should be as short as possible.

At the same time, don't try to take them by surprise. Don't for example, make one word of "Right turn," but make a pause between the "right" and the "turn" so as to give them time to be ready to move at the proper moment. On the other hand, don't make too long a pause, or the men will get unsteady and some "bad drill" in the ranks will anticipate the final word.

Don't "bucket" your men. You will get much better results by giving them three or four "stand easies" in the course of, say, half-an-hour's drill, than by keeping them going the whole time. None the less, when they are drilling keep them up to concert pitch. Your men won't like you any the less if you make 'em sweat while at attention. But give them reasonable rests.

"LANGUAGE."

Don't bully-rag your men. Of course, in my day, "language" was "frequent and free" on parade, but it was used impersonally. It is one thing to "damn" a company or battalion, but it is another thing to "damn" an individual, and you should never do the latter. Pull a man up by all means, but never use language to him which he would be entitled to resent but for the official difference in your positions.

And I need hardly say, don't nag. You are bound to meet with times when for no clear reason the men cannot do right, they are all over the place, and you are driven nearly frantic by their apparently wilful stupidity. But keep your temper, go easy, and if possible cut the parade short. Men are not machines; they have their off-days, and they will work twice as well for you if you recognise this fact. To command others you must have self-command.

If the officer should know his drill book, so should the private. The officer should be able to drill in the ranks, the private should know the officer's job.

STUDYING THE DRILL BOOK.

"Tommy" learns this by incessant practice, and many a "Tommy" and certainly most Non-Coms are capable of drilling a battalion. Lacking the regular's continuous drill, the Territorial must "mug up" the drill book. If you know the words of command for a particular manœuvre, then you are ready for them as they come, and can move quickly and smartly, but if you don't know them you may be taken by surprise and throw the whole line out.

If you make a blunder, don't try to cover it up, for if you do you will only throw the whole line out.

Don't look too much to your front rank man, if you are in the rear rank, for guidance.

Don't fidget, but on the other hand it is possible to be too rigid. You will see recruits standing in the most uncomfortable attitudes, chests puffed out, chins pointing to the sky, and so ill-balanced that as the saying goes you could knock them down with a feather.

But really, being drilled is just a matter of knowing your job, ceaseless attention, and cheerful endurance of what is certainly often a monotonous grind.

And why should you go through it? What is the use of doing the same thing over and over again? Because by this means and this means only can you learn automatically to perform under storm of shot and shell those manœuvres of which no doubt you got rather sick in time of peace.

"CHINSTRAP."

A MODERN MAN.

AN EMPLOYER'S PROTEST.

It was my fortune or misfortune not lon
since to employ a tall, well-built, slim, youn
fellow with a firm yet dreamy expression on hi
well-moulded features, who appeared a quie
steady and sensible good-natured sort of chap
Before he had been with me a week, how
ever, I realised that this polish was like th
beautiful finish of an explosive shell, and covere
just as much latent energy.

The first indication of this I had one day whe
on entering the warehouse I discovered hi
exercising vigorously with a pair of ha
hundred-weights, which he appeared to manip
pulate with ease.

On the next occasion, on visiting the assist
ants' quarters, I became aware of heavy pant
ing and scuffling overhead in the sitting-room
accompanied by the tap-tap and thud of repeated
blows.

I went upstairs, and there found the new hand
and the warehouseman, a burly countryman
pommelling each other with the gloves in a
truly professional manner. The new man
ducked and feinted with the grace of a dancin
ing master and met the furious onslaught of
his antagonist with smart side-stepping and
lightning-like hits.

Before I could interfere, a tremendous blow
sent the warehouseman rolling in a heap over
the head of the sofa, which promptly collapsed
under his weight. What followed I need not
repeat. Suffice it to say, I expressed my
opinion in no measured terms, of young men
who spent their time with the intention of be-
coming prize-fighters.

More broken furniture was reported, and I
again visited their room. This time most of the
hands stood watching the new man instructing
a younger member with the singlestick.

Like hail the blows rained upon this "master
d'armes," who calmly put them aside and
criticised his efforts. Suddenly a quick twist
of the wrist, a sharp tug, and his opponent's
stick flew from his hand.

There was a rattle of broken glass, as the
stick, accompanied by a picture, dropped to the
floor. This sort of thing may be sport, but it
is a deuced expensive one from my point of
view.

Feeling his prestige declining in favour of the
new hand, it was not long before the stableman
(an ex-jockey) came to grips with him. Relying upon his greater bulk and muscle, his opponent was not inclined to be of the gentlest, but
a "flying mare" eventually brought him heavily
to the stable cobbles, from which he was helped
to rise a wiser but sadder man.

Assistants and apprentices at the genius's in-
stigation have taken up the idiotic idea of cross-
country running and cycle-racing, not to men-
tion littering the meadows with obstacles and
jumping sticks.

The horses turned out to graze are caught and
ridden bareback.

The local policemen are badgered in a score
of ways.

In fact this lethargic, fire-eating sportsman
bristles with ideas, which come out in an easy,
languid way and are acted upon before being
fully matured.

Up to the present we have: The warehouse-
man minus two teeth; a hole in the warehouse
floor, the direct result of juggling with heavy
weights; a broken window and drainpipe, which
date from the return of a midnight excursion
party; and a cart smashed through furious
driving.

Beyond this the hands have joined the Terri-
torials, and demand a fortnight's holiday to go
to camp and also demand more pay to keep pace
with a score of new hobbies and sports.

I can't sack them all, as they are good busi-
ness men, and I cannot well replace them.

And—well—er—yes, I do take rather more
exercise myself now than I used to.

P. SAVILE.

NIGGER LUCK."

DOES THE NOVICE SCORE?

luck," "fools' luck," "beginners' all mean the same thing, namely, ul luck that almost invariably attends or the innocent.

s one way of losing money at cards than another it is to teach a man a play with a beginner. Dame For- to take him under her especial care, up" his ignorance by giving him all he pack.

g "comes off" for him, he makes at would bust any seasoned player, n out "trumps"; he runs risks that a veteran's hair stand on end, and ough unscathed. It is sickening—I experience.

he same at other games than cards. volunteering to teach a friend golf, ed him beforehand of the immense f the game. I also gave him two le to "make a race of it."

s first drive 150 yards as straight as repeated the performance at almost hole. Anyway, he hit the ball every generally straight and far, and he most sublime indifference to the f the course.

ad no terrors for him, he holed short ontemptuous ease; I fancy he would me level; as it was, I was nowhere, ed salt into my wounds by telling did not see much in the game.

d my revenge when, many months in met him—now a seasoned player ks. Now he was a prey to a thou- he saw danger at every turn; a short thing to be approached almost on . He had learned the difficulties of nd his "nigger luck" was gone for

uck" is the triumph of blissful ignor- beginner sees only the goal, and goes it; the veteran perceives the obstacles hesitates, and is lost.

novice, by all means, for there is you will learn in the course of the don't have a bet with him on the r first game; he will take the wager

er once asking a well-known and r if he were ever nervous on a first rvous!" he replied, "I get more and s with every fresh part; I know now is to fail." And so it is in most fly in the amber of success is the equent failure.

sublime confidence of youth and in- ve lost it, beyond recall.

at crag? Why, certainly, nothing t, is there?—and up we go, uncon- ssible perils, eyes fixed only on the now we would say to ourselves: 's a nasty bit there; a slip at that be devilish awkward," and the peak conquered.

s, however, "nigger luck" seems to r luck. You go looking for a needle k and you find it. I remember such

of mine was employed when a young ling solicitor to find a man who had antry and to induce him to return to usic."

ve had no clue to the fugitive's where- he decided to cross to Paris and start ns there. In due course he arrived d was seeing about his luggage when pped him on the shoulder and a voice o ——, what brings you over here?" d round and found himself face to is quarry, who had no idea that my s after him. He induced him to this stroke of "nigger luck" was the of his fortunes, for nothing succeeds

FRANCIS CARTER.

DONE.

He was a well-known Army officer, and "wide"—oh, very, very "wide." His particular "game" was betting, not ordinary, straightforward betting on horses or cards, but betting on all sorts of out-of-the-way subjects, from the height of a monument to the number of hairs on a fly's leg.

And he was lucky, uncommonly lucky, so favoured by the gods that other men grew shy of wagering with him.

It was after lunch one wet day, and things were dull.

"Let's have a bet about something," said our sportsman, but none seemed inclined to respond.

"Oh, come on," said he; "we can't sit here all day twiddling our thumbs. Look here, I'll bet anyone a 'pony' that I can guess the height of that little table over there nearer than he can."

For a few moments nobody answered—they had had some before—and then a quiet-looking man spoke up.

"I'll take you, Widun; make it fifty if you like."

"Right you are, we may as well call it a level hundred," said that worthy, and the quiet-looking man agreed, at the same time inviting his adversary to guess first.

"Forty-two and a half inches," was Widun's verdict after a prolonged scrutiny of the table.

"H'm," said the quiet man, "I think it's rather less than that. I make it forty-one inches."

An ill-concealed grin crossed Widun's far from open countenance. His exultation, however, quickly gave way to blank chagrin and astonishment when, on the height being measured, it was found to be exactly forty-one inches. Looking very badly surprised, Widun wrote a cheque, tossed it over to the winner, and left the room.

"Well," said the other men in chorus, "it's the first time we ever saw Widun lose. You're in luck, old man."

"Oh, it's quite simple," the quiet man replied; "I happened to see Widun measuring the table yesterday when there was nobody about, and guessing he would be wanting to bet about it, I took the precaution of having a couple of inches sawn off the legs. Gentlemen, the drinks are on me."

SILENCED.

"Tam" Macintosh, a much-married man, had been making a night of it with some trusty friends, and it was late indeed when the party broke up, and "Tam" set forth, somewhat unsteadily, for home.

The liquor dying in him, he was haunted all the way to his abode by visions of an irate spouse waiting up for him. His forebodings were well founded, for no sooner, or rather later, had he overcome the difficulties of the keyhole, and found his way into the hall, than from the upper regions came a stern voice:

"Is that you, Thomas?"

"Aye," replied "Tam," his wits sharpened by his extremity; "aye, it's me. Were ye expectin' ony ither body?"

Tam got to sleep in peace that night.

HAPPY NIGHTS.

VIII. AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

I had no business to go, and they did not expect me; hence their lack of preparation.

Hence, also, my keen enjoyment.

They were camping out, half-a-dozen pals of mine, and I had been prevented from joining them because I could not get my holidays at the same time as theirs. But one evening I felt an irresistible desire to be with them, and I cycled to the place where their camp was pitched.

It was nine o'clock when I got there, and we put off gathering bracken to make a bed for me till too late, for we were keen on having a drink and a sing-song, and the other fellows wanted to hear all the news from the town.

When finally we turned in, the others wanted to give me so much bracken each, but I refused it. I wanted to show these old campaigners that I was every bit as hardy as they were.

A waterproof sheet, however, I did accept, and I was just about to stretch myself on it when one of them gave me the tip to scoop out a bit of turf beneath where my hip would rest. On this primitive bed, with my jacket rolled up for a pillow and with a blanket over me, I passed a memorable night—memorable not for its discomfort, as you might think, but because I slept absolutely soundly and woke up as fresh as a daisy.

I have slept under canvas several times since then, and I find there is always this feeling of freshness when you wake up. Besides you sleep sounder than you ever do in a room.

If anyone who reads this is troubled like myself with sleeplessness, I should recommend him to spend a merry evening such as I had and to sleep in the way I did, with no roof but a sheet of canvas over him.

C. BROWNE.

THINGS SEEN.

XIV. A STREET CORNER MEETING.

They were standing at the street corner as I have often seen them standing, the men preaching and singing alternately, and the women closing their eyes and shrieking in some sort of harmony with them.

I had seen them often before, but this evening I stopped for a moment. There was an angry movement in the crowd, a subdued murmur that seemed to bode evil. I knew that something was going to happen.

The leader of the Salvationists announced that they would sing a certain hymn and, after having read the first verse, he gave the opening note, much too high for himself or anybody else, but he dropped down an octave and started again without being in any way put out of countenance.

He chose a hymn which, like many another Salvation Army hymn, had its words set to the tune of a popular air, and the crowd began to shout the more familiar music-hall words to it, and they were not very reverent ones.

The leader of the Salvationists rose up and down on his toes and beat time with his hymn-book and his hand. His attitude was enough to provoke some malevolent spirit amongst the onlookers to throw a banana skin at him. It struck him full in the face, but he went on singing, not even raising his hand to wipe his cheek.

He kept smiling all the time.

Then there came a reaction amongst the crowd. They were sportsmen themselves, at heart, and they saw that he was a sportsman too, and as I left them and went on my way, I saw the man who had thrown the banana skin being hustled along the street, none too gently, by his friends. They had been the first to encourage him to do it, but they were the first to recognise the bond of sympathy that was between them and the man with the hymn-book.

G. BULCRAIG.

FROM OUR READERS

CAMP MAKESHIFTS.

Camping, whether military or civilian, does more to teach one how to do without things than all the stay-at-home learns in a lifetime, and sometimes the little makeshifts that one learns to devise in camp come in extremely useful when one returns to civilisation.

The camper soon discovers that a candlestick is a luxury and that an empty bottle, or an open penknife with one blade stuck into the tent-pole and one into the candle, does just as well.

He knows that a halfpenny is an efficient inch measure, and that a compass is superfluous if he has a watch and knows the position of the sun, for by pointing the figure XII. to the sun and bisecting the angle between that line and the hour hand, he can find the South.

He can make a very passable hanging wardrobe by tying tent-pegs to the pole, and he can make a good camp kitchen by simply digging a trench.

The cyclist, whose pursuit often lands him in difficulties far from the haunts of men, gives another example of necessity being the mother of invention.

He will not despair when he has a flat tyre and no puncture outfit, so long as he has a matchbox with a glass paper side with which to clean the tube and a piece of stamp paper to provide a temporary patch.

Stamp paper, string and a knife should always be in the pocket of the man who wants to be ready with makeshifts.

CLOCK SLAVES.

There are many men who miss half the pleasures of life because they stick religiously to the clock. They are in the habit of going to bed punctually at ten, and let us say, of getting up as punctually at seven. But there are occasions when it pays to disregard the hour at which the hands of the clock are pointing.

I have in my mind a young fellow who has to get up at six each morning, and who not infrequently does not go to bed till two.

Do not make any mistake about him or his motives. He is not spending the hours between the ordinary bedtime and his own bedtime in what is called dissipation; he has merely allowed himself to become interested in a number of things which make demands upon his time. For example, he will be out one evening at a Yeomanry Smoker, and another evening he will cycle to a distant Quoit Club of which he is an ardent member.

He does not do this kind of thing every night, but when he finds that there is real fun on the go, he has no hesitation in curtailing his sleep, for as he once said to me, the relaxation of his evening amusements do him more good than the hours he would spend in bed.

Since meeting him I have been trying the experiment myself, and have indulged in many a midnight ramble, to my great enjoyment and in no wise to my detriment. After all the clock was invented to be our servant and not our master.

Try this wheeze some time, but don't overdo it; you must have some sleep.

DEVILMENT.

It is the devils among us who have made this country, because they have "go."

They are the men who are ready for a scrap or for anything else that is interesting and that gives them an opportunity of expending their surplus energy.

It is they who fill the ranks of our cavalry regiments, Regular and Territorial. It is they who organise our athletic clubs and who give to our country towns and villages what liveliness they possess.

They have any amount of mischief in them, but not one ungenerous thought.

They like everybody, and nearly everybody likes them; those who don't are not usually of very much account—in the opinion of those who matter.

The chaps with a dash of devilment in their make-up are the first to lend a helping hand to those who are weaker or younger than themselves. Pretty rough they often are with one another, but gentle as women to those who are not up to their strength.

Devilment of the healthy, honest kind is a spur that drives a man to live his life instead of merely getting through it.

It is an infinite pity that we have been educated to repress it.

GREY HORSES.

In earning my living I have all kinds to drive, and I become more convinced that the heart of a horse depends, to some extent, on its colour.

By heart, I mean, of course, the horse's willingness, courage, or whatever you like to call it.

When I have a new grey turned over to me I always know that he will go either very pleasantly or very badly. They do not seem to make greys betwixt or between. They are either angels or devils—devils not with viciousness but with laziness.

I have noticed amongst men that those with very fair hair are frequently like this, either very strong or very effeminate.

If you are buying a grey horse, be very careful to give it a good trial before you complete the purchase, for you are either in luck's way or you decidedly are not.

THE DEAR OLD DAD.

Lucky the man whose father is just commonplace. Sometimes you hear a man say that he wishes his father had been more of a sportsman, more clever, or more something else that is good, but in wishing for these things he is falling into error.

No scientiest has yet been able to explain why it is, but a son never takes after his father; the alternation of generations appears to be one of the laws of life.

Occasionally you meet a man who is a very fair replica of his father, but he is only a copy, his nature is different from his dad's and he has either forced himself, or has been forced, to copy the old man. More generally he does not trouble about copying at all, but goes his own sweet way, and, if the father has been everything that could be wished, the son is a wicked disappointment.

If, therefore, you have ever felt that your dad is not quite the man whom you have set up as an ideal, be comforted by considering the fact that if he were your ideal it is fairly certain that you would never attain to that ideal.

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Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. F. S. Baker, 85, Grosvenor Road, South Belgravia, London, S.W., for "Dont's for Cyclists."

DONT'S FOR CYCLISTS.

1. Don't fill your inner tubes with liquid puncture stopping mixtures—you will find should it be necessary to affix a patch, that the liquid will not permit the patch to stick, but will gradually lift it off.

2. Don't start on a long ride without first looking at the nuts on the brake-work—vibration sometimes causes them to work loose.

3. Don't omit to see that your variable gear cable is at the right tension—it is unpleasant and dangerous to find the pedals slipping forward when you change gears.

4. Don't think that because a soft tyre kills vibration that it is best—a soft tyre wears out quickly, punctures easily, skids badly, is more liable to be cut by sharp flints, and makes pedalling hard work.

5. Don't if you are specifying wooden rims on your bicycle have rim brakes fitted; but have hub brakes—brake blocks, when brought into contact for any period with wooden rims, generate such friction that they are quickly worn out.

6. Don't line your covers with heavy layers of canvas or fabric to prevent punctures—use a recommended puncture proof band, or, better still, buy a tyre that has plenty of good rubber on the tread.

7. Don't forget that your comfort depends upon your saddle, and that once you have got the position of this suitable it should never be altered.

8. Don't, if you ride much after dark, omit to have a good lamp—gas lamps are a bit of a nuisance, but they are worth the trouble; be sure, however, to buy a good one.

WHAT OFFICERS MISS.

Possibly you are only a ranker in the Territorials, and you have sometimes thought that you would like to wear a tunic with the collar standing up instead of turned down, with a bit of extra braid on the sleeve and all the rest of it; in short you think that it would have been better had you become an officer.

This thought is especially likely to occur to you if you are a member of one of those corps where the pace set by the officers is not a high one, and where a man may hold a commission and spend very little more than his allowances.

But do not envy the Territorial officer. There is no such genuine fellowship amongst the officers as there is amongst the men. Each officer seems to be trying his best to impress the other with his superiority in the matter of income or military skill. In the regular Army, I have been told that the officers' mess is like a club, where every man is as a brother to his fellow, but this is not so amongst the Territorials, so far as my experience goes.

Besides this lack of good fellowship, a Territorial officer has to pass many hard examinations which do not trouble the ranker.

Altogether, take it from me, the private or the trooper has by far the better time.

TOASTING.

As a publican, I have often been interested to notice how differently people toast one another.

"Here's luck!" is, perhaps, the commonest toast of all, while "Cheero!" is equally familiar.

I am popular with my customers, for I have made it my study to be polite in all my dealings with them, and I think that some of their good feeling towards me is due to the way I toast them when they stand me drinks.

"Here's to your very good health!" is what I generally say. There is a hearty ring about it that the briefer toasts do not have, and I notice that other men have observed the same thing. The most popular of my customers are generally the heartiest in the toasts they offer to their friends.

After all, to be stood a drink is a compliment, even if it is your intention to stand your friend one in return; and therefore it ought, I think, to be courteously acknowledged.

A YEOMANRY STORY.

THE COWARD of the KING'S OWN.

OHN HILARY GARRATT.

sun was just sinking in the
on the camp's first day, and
-five per cent. of the recruits of the King's
were shaking in their jack-boots, their
wrecked temporarily and their minds
ondingly warped.
as a particularly agitated young man who
o Trooper MacBrady, late of the Cape
ed Police, and offered to stand him un-
refreshment. Kernahan with the old
ar was quaffing beer in the camp canteen.
cBrady," said the recruit, "I swear I'll
r you to-night, old sport. If you hadn't
d that bloomin' charger of mine to-day I
have been booked for a military funeral
onours."
s oil there!" said MacBrady with true
y politeness. "W'y, get a drill or two
nd it'll be all anyone can do to keep you
orse."
kin' on is my trouble at present," re-
d the young gentleman, smiling pathetic-
The Yeomanry isn't any particular pic-
far as I can see, and between you and me,
e, I haven't got a spare neck in my pocket
I've smashed this one. Damn the
nry!" he added bitterly. "It's hard—
hard."
e was a little temper in his tone.
k here, youngster," said Kernahan,
, "don't you be such a blidiot as to go
against things like that. You're here,
, and, as they've read out the Army Act
we're soldiers for fifteen days. Buck up,
ter—stick it out like a man! Just as
beginning thoroughly to enjoy it, you'll
at there are only a few short days before
ve to go back home to Brermouth again,
u'll be cursing about that, then. I don't
we want any more Glenisters—eh, Mac?"
, sir — no more Glenisters," echoed
ady solemnly.
ho's Glenister?" asked the recruit, "and
about him. I don't see what——"
ell, it's like this," said MacBrady, "you'd
ort of Glenister, if we didn't know you'd
it in you. Grit? Of course you have—but
tired, old chap, that's all. Glenister?
e was a Derby winner, I don't think!
Trooper Glenister that was; James Glenis-
squire that is, and a bloomin' good job
The biggest mistake old Brighton ever
enlistin' him, and Brighton had only got
lf to thank for it, because he always kids
lf he can see through a chap with his grey
and he reckoned there was pure gold in
ster. But he was most dust, and dam' bad
t that, eh—Kernahan?"
nahan nodded solemnly.
void too much romancing, Mac," he said.
k as nearly as possible to the truth for the
t of our young friend here. Less 'damns'
hore story, old boy. Try another pint."
hanks! Steady with the froth there, old

cBrady, who now owned a tobacco store
ermouth, and referred to his connection
the Yeomanry as "playing at soldiers,"
ked the ashes out of his pipe.
Well, Kernahan and I never knew a great
about Glenister, until we met him in what
rench call *propria persona* at camp here.
? Ho, well, foreign languages weren't
t at Putney Board School in my day.
gettin' back to Glenister—Wish you
dn't interrupt, Trooper Stephen—the Ser-
t-Major interjuced him to 'B' Squadron
nally," and, naturally enough, old Brighton's
duction was good e-nough for h-us. It
ared that Glenister's father, a Captain re-
on half pay and a fair reputation consider-
ow all the orficers got it in their turn out in
h Africa there, had approached our Ser-
t-Major cautious on the matter of young
lister enlisting in the King's Own, as a
pin' stone, as you might say, to the Army

later on, when Glenister junior's fifteenth cousin or somethin' should die and enable him to afford a commission in some dilapidated cavalry regiment. The idea was that he should learn to obey before commandin'—just like you write in the copy books at school. And you see it could all be done very delicate, 'cause you can be a Trooper and a toff at the same time in the H-Auxiliary forces, which is ninety-nine per cent. more than you're taken for or treated as in the Regulars. Glenister, at the time, too, was crammin' for an army exam.—least, so we heard afterwards.

"Anyhow, Brighton was delighted to have the son of his old Captain under his charge."

"Precisely so," Kernahan broke in. "Old Brighton confided to me that the Captain himself was a real 'white man,' and according to the laws of breeding the son——"

"Yes, but he was not! You go on backin' breedin' as they'd say in cantonments when a cab-horse won the Viceroy's Cup, and you'd go broke pretty smart even with all the wealth of the Principality of Monaco behind you. Glenister, however, never turned up at the Brermouth drills, although he only lived a short bike ride out in the country, havin' been kindly excused from attendin' our weekly stamp round or simple trot, canter, and gallop on the circle—all very old to me, of course, that's been through it. Very old.

"Therefore Glenister was merely a bloomin' luminary—visionary rather—until it came to camp time. We were at Brynhilton, and it was your second year, I think, Kernahan, wasn't it? Yes. Well, my tent was a man over, so, lo! and be'old, mark my surprise when old Brighton stumps round on his rather bad feet and says that I, Ter-ooper Harold MacBrady, am to have the honour of sharing my tent with the Captain's offspring—the charge beyond Gov'ment allowance bein' defrayed by Trooper Glenister.

"'Be decent to him, Mac,' says Brighton, tippin' me the old soldier's wink, which means a lot.

"'I'll look after the boy,' I says, 'and havin' been officer's servant in India I understand exactly how to treat a gentleman when I meet one. If he's got grit and it wants bringin' to the light o' day, Mac's your man,' I says. So off goes Brighton.

"Well, Trooper Glenister's kit was introduced to me before Trooper Glenister, and from that kit, havin' been taught to use my eyes in the Reg'lars, I could pretty well judge the man. There were not less than a dozen pairs of boots stood on the top of a sort of band-box in the corner, and those boots were never meant for wear on anything but drawing-room carpets. Patent leathers, and grey-cloth tops they were mostly, includin' a bright pair of patent Wellington boots that fairly glistened like an advertisement for some boot polish. I was contemplatin' these when old Kernahan slaps his ridin' whip on my tent, and gettin' the usual, 'Step inside the bloomin' drawin'-room,' in he comes, grinnin' like fun.

"'It's arrived,' he says to me.

"'What has?" I asked.

"'Your sleepin' partner,' says Kernahan. 'Come outside and look down the line.'

"Well, out I goes. Things are slung about pretty considerable on the first afternoon at camp, and we were then takin' up our quarters. Therefore, the spaces between the camp lines, bein' strewn with odds and ends, would have sent any inspectin' officer with a sense of decency stark, staring mad. I looked down those lines. Pickin' his way gingerly was my 'tent-chum,' Trooper James G. Glenister, and as I'm a livin' sinner, and a featherbed soldier now, Glenister strolled down those lines attired in a lounge suit, with a light dust coat over his arm! Fancy a civy rig-out at camp when the orders precisely says, 'No civilian clothes whatever to be brought to camp.'

"When I spotted Glenister he was at the end of the line. Kernahan says to me:

"'We shall have to dry nurse this patrician, and teach him that the King's Own has its limitations.'

"So Kerny here strolls inside the tent and without a word upsets the dozen pair of boots that had been neatly set out by Glenister's groom before I took up my quarters there. He flung a pair or two outside just to see how Trooper Glenister would take it. It wasn't fair that one man should be set out so neat and tidy, and us in a sort of insanitary state, bein' mostly engaged in clearin' up our saddlery.

"Glenister just manages to avoid a light patent leather skirmishin' around from our tent to the opposite tent, where Stephen and Topham were enterin' into the spirit of the thing. He stops dead and picks up two or three boots. In the meantime I christened our tent, 'The Devil's Kitchen' in big chalk letters written large and smart.

"Then I waited for what Mr. Glenister would say, but he simply walked into the tent, stuck his boots on the box again, lit a cigarette and merely looked at me and Kernahan, sort of dagger's look. But he broke the silence at last, and bringin' out his case offered me and Kerny there a cigarette each. They were Egyptians of the first order, and good—very good. We began to think there was a man's heart beatin' beneath his fancy waistcoat and that he was goin' to take the boot incident in good part. But—no.

"'Which of you's MacBrady?' he asked suddenly.

"'I am,' I ses.

"'You were in the Army, weren't you?' he asked. I nods.

"'Well, my father and my uncle command the likes of you, MacBrady, and give 'em C.B. when they can't behave decently and act too much of the Thomas Atkins,' says Glenister. 'I may be a Trooper in this miserable lot of Terriers; but, to cut it short a bit, I don't want any insolence from you!'

"Now I've heard that all before from puppies of subalterns in India. It was the old touch and havin' been a soldier that am now playin' at the game, I savvied that our officers who are men indeed would soon knock spots off Trooper Glenister, discipline bein' the leadin' line in the King's Own, though you are allowed to bring grooms and sleep on spring mattresses to avoid catchin' cold. Bah!"

Trooper MacBrady, late of the Mounted Police, finished his beer, disgustedly.

"So I swallered it all, and watched old Kernahan there go white. He hadn't learnt to calm his ruffled spirit in those days; so I stamped on his toe and let him work off steam, swearin' about that. Then we left Glenister in the tent, and went outside to think.

"'Why didn't you slay him or let me?' asked Kerny.

"'Because,' I replied, 'I'm open to bet he'll bust his own skull against the wall before he's done. Let him be and you'll see he'll come

bleatin' to our boot-heels—which is the essence of revenge.'

"I calmed Kerny in somethin' under twenty minutes. The next day saw the second act of our little comedy-without-a-curtain. I rode next to Glenister in the troop, bein' the flank of his section, while he was Number Two, the easiest position, of course, of the lot. I was tellin' you about his pride. Well, he'd brought a fair bit o' blood to camp. An' the Regimental Band played us out extra loud that first mornin'—a sort of light prancin' march which made some of the horses dance.

"Glenister's chestnut had a nasty eye that would ruin the reputation of a saint in heaven. Up goes the chestnut on his hind legs, and off goes poor little Glenister—yes, poor little Glenister—that's how I felt for him then. I hopped off, bein' used to bronchos, and helped him on, though it took all the persuasion in the world, including old Kerny's silky tongue, to get him to chance his skin again.

"That's how we first discovered that there was no sort of stamina under his swanky exterior.

"Now the rest of that mornin' I attended most particular on Trooper Glenister, although the eau de Cologne he had put on his new uniform to drown what he called the 'sweated tailor's smell' was enough to disgust any man. When it came to swingin' round smart in sections, he'd nearly fall out of the saddle with sheer starin' fright, and Kerny, who fancied himself at ridin' even then more than he ought, would lean over on one side and save him, while I grabbed him on the other. But I'll say this for the boy, he didn't attempt to fall out for some time, but he hissed to me several times:

"'If I get out of this, Mr. MacBrady, never again, oh, no, never again!'

"He was, in fact, a perspirin' bunch of nervousness, and hadn't got the heart of a mouse.

"Then all of a sudden he fell right forward as we 'formed troop to the halt.'

"Old Sergeant-Major Brighton twigs it in a moment.

"'Number Two fall out there!' he calls, and Kernahan, who was Number Three, dismounts and assists Glenister out of the saddle—practically lifted him out."

"But Glenister," Kernahan went on, "when he had fallen out, sort of half staggered up to the Sergeant-Major and asked if MacBrady and myself couldn't see him back to camp—which permission was granted immediately. We tethered our horses, and MacBrady led Glenister's nag, while Glenister leaned on my arm.

"We hadn't got far out of sight of the squadron down a dip in the hills, before Glenister suddenly chucks my arm away and sits down suddenly against a hillock.

"'I'm sorry to drag you fellows out of the troop,' he said, 'but the fact is there's nothing the matter with me really. I'm absolutely frightened—a funk—and I feel I could kill myself. Look here! This is what I mean.'

"He held out his arm full length, and the fingers trembled. Ah, it's an awful thing to see a chap really afraid."

Kernahan stopped for a moment.

The glasses were filled again, and the recruit for whose benefit these facts were being recounted, braced himself up.

He had never felt quite so bad as that anyhow, and he was glad.

"Let's hear the rest," he said.

Kernahan nodded and went on:

"But that was how Glenister was made, all wrong. He had tons of spirit, mostly wicked sort of spirit, too, but no physical pluck to carry it through. Not an ounce. Also he had much too massive a bump of imagination, as perhaps MacBrady can tell you."

"Yes," said Trooper MacBrady, taking up the tale again. "That very night, when we had both turned in, I observed that my tent partner was very restless.

"'MacBrady!' he says to me suddenly in the dark.

"'Hullo!' I says rather off-handed, because I remembered that little homily of his on what his father and his uncles was in the habit of doin' to the like o' me.

"'It's like this, MacBrady,' he says in his weak way, 'I feel a beastly cad, and I'd be glad if you'd forgive me for what I said yesterday.'

"'Oh, that's all right,' I says, feelin' sorry I'd been rough with the kid.

"'And you can tell Kernahan,' he says, 'that he can come and chuck my boots about all over the shop to-morrow if he likes!'

"Of course I laughed at that, and tried to be jocular generally to smooth things over. But when I'd stopped chucklin' at nothin', I heard Glenister, his head evidently under the blankets, properly blubbin'. It appeared he was fairly broke up.

"'Send for Kernahan, please, MacBrady,' he says at last.

"Well, that was a bit cool for one a.m., and a not over-warm night. However, I went and dug old Kernahan out of his tent, and he was over in a minute, my private belief bein' that he sleeps with one eye half cocked for emergencies.

"'What's up now, Glenister?" asks Kernahan, lookin' a sketch in an old pair of cricketin' trousers he generally sleeps in. Besides, he had to go on guard at second shift, two a.m., his name bein' down on the board. Continue, Kernahan, me buck."

"By the time I'd got over to 'The Devil's Kitchen,'" Kernahan said slowly, "Glenister had done a double quick jump into his uniform.

"'Mr. Kernahan,' Glenister said, 'I want you to make me your debtor for life,' and so on through a lot of flowery speech making.

"'How?' I asked, beginning to twig a little all the same.

"'An "A" Squadron man and a "C" Squadron man come on guard with you, don't they?' he asked, 'so I want you to let me take your guard for you. I can't stand this any longer, I can't really, and the "A" and "C" men wouldn't know that I was not Kernahan.'

"Glenister's voice was absolutely half-choking, and you could see he was never made to sleep anywhere but in a feather bed with the gas burnin' all night, and therefore was not a fit member of the King's Own, especially dear old 'B' Squadron, which has a reputation to preserve. That decided me.

"'I follow your tactics,' I said to Glenister. 'When it's your turn to go down and look round the stables, you'll make a dive for home and beauty. In the meantime *I* shall be waiting for you down at the stables and go back to the guard tent and take your place. Am I right?'

"He stared at me, forgettin' that, even in the Auxiliary Forces, Mac, you are taught to use your wits

"'Hanged if you aren't smart, Mr. Kernahan,' he says. 'The only thing you omitted was that I shall borrow one of the Cyclist Corps' bikes and send it back by train in the morning. Also I shall despatch a fiver to the Colonel to buy myself out and save argument.'

"The cheek was so very cool that it was my turn to be a little taken aback. But I had a word to say to him to justify my position, which, technically, was assisting a deserter to escape.

"'If I thought that you would *ever* be a credit to the old "B" Squadron and the King's Own,' I said, 'I'd sit on you and tie you to that bed here, so that you shouldn't stir this night.'

"'Oh, really!' he says.

"'Yes,' I said, 'but as this Squadron is composed of *men*, and men only, I think it jolly well rid of a perspiring sofa-cushion. That's all!'

"Then we went out together."

* * * * * * *

"And did Glenister get away?" asked the recruit, when Kernahan had called for a further supply of light refreshment.

"Did he get away?" yelled MacBrady in a voice of thunder. "Child, you are the rawest of raw recruits, for it is plain you don't even know that when Trooper Archibald Kernahan says a thing he does it!"

TOUCHING.

SECRETS OF A DELICATE ART.

Wadsworth was the finest borrower I ev knew. He brought to the more or less gen art of "touching" his friends and acquaintanc a determination, an ingenuity, and a persev ance which would have made him comfortab off, had he applied them to his proper business of journalism.

But he preferred to borrow, and after he h sucked me dry, he let me into some of the secre of his nefarious trade.

"The great thing," he used to say, "is take your man by surprise; don't give him ti to think, catch him when he is off his guar and don't let him get on it."

He studied and knew the habits of men wh were usually "good for a bit," and his usu method was as follows: He would wait till knew his quarry was in smoking-room or saloo bar, and preferably talking to some friend then in he would rush, apparently in a deuce a hurry. "Hullo, Blank!" he would cry, catc ing sight of his victim, "you're just the man want to see—lend me five bob, I've got to be Muswell Hil in half an hour, most important good biz."

Nine times out of ten Blank would part, n matter how often he had been "had" before You see, the demand was openly made; it would have seemed churlish to refuse, while to say h hadn't got it might have damaged Blank's credit; and, after all, there might be something in Wadsworth's tale.

Oh, he was a wonder, was Wadsworth! have known him go into an editorial office o press day and borrow 3s. 6d. off the editor, while a friend of mine, timidly asking for a trifle o account of money actually due to him, was violently kicked downstairs.

Wadsworth, somehow or other, always con trived to convey the impression that he was doing you a favour by borrowing money off you.

One of his greatest achievements was to take a house—heaven knows who furnished the refer ences!—and when he moved in, he borrowed £3 off the landlord. At the end of a year he had not paid a penny of rent, and the landlord was threatening all sorts of things. But he really could do nothing; there was nothing worth dis training on, and in the end he *paid* Wadsworth to go peaceably.

An annoying type of "toucher" is the man who has not got his railway fare home. It is difficult to refuse such a request, and yet there is always an uneasy suspicion that it may not be genuine, a feeling which is often justified. Anyway, I have on at least six occasions paid the railway fare to Sevenoaks of an ingenious romancer, who, I have lately discovered, lives in an attic in Maiden Lane. I am waiting for him to ask me for his fare again.

The lordly type of "toucher" is amusing, though expensive to his acquaintances.

He starts off by asking for a £5 note, and when you tell him that that is a sheer impossibility, he comes down to a sovereign, in a pitying kind of way, as if he fully sympathised with the state of your finances and didn't want to be too hard on you.

If you still hold out, he will descend by gradual stages to the usual "half-dollar."

Finally, if you refuse that, he will ask for twopence, and take it delightedly.

Then there is a genial, pleasant friend of mine who makes a speciality of attaching himself to parties bent on a "night out." He is excellent company, and, all unsuspecting, you invite him to join the giddy throng. He accepts, but it is not till things are well under way that he discovers he has no money with him. You feel that you are responsible for persuading him to stay out, and you furnish him with the sinews of war," and, in practice, a free evening's entertainment.

Personally, I have suffered so much from borrowers that in future I am going to wear round my neck a label inscribed "Touch me not!"

CECIL FIELD.

The Office Intellectuals

A FRIENDLY SATIRE.

Upon the frosted window of the private office of Mr. Abel Head, head of the firm of Wise, Head and Co., dealers in Soft Goods, was the shadow of a man.

Rhythmically the arms rose above the head, paused as if in impressive denunciation, and swept down with vicious velocity.

This bogey predicated a bogey competition at the Studand Links and Mr. Head was rehearsing his drive. That meant that he meant business.

The brains behind four pairs of watching eyes (for old Mr. Young was busy with his books) also knew that it meant no more business for him that Saturday.

Shortly after twelve o'clock this day Mr. Head came out with his suite of clubs and called "Good-day."

The calligraphic pose of four forms remained unchanged until Mr. Head's back was in sight, and then. . . .

Languidly Mason reached a hand up to the heavy ledger resting on the rails of his desk and slid it over on to Thompson's head, and Thompson, dodging it, swung round like lightning and brought down his ebony ruler on Mason's desk with a bang.

The office-boy, Swift by name, rushed to the copying press, shot in a letter-book with unerring aim, spun the handles and strained till the blood came into his face.

Old Mr. Young went on working.

Fweddie Hunt, who wore gold-rimmed spectacles and creased trousers (on which he slept) and had semi-circular eyebrows and a pallid, moon-like face, lounged off his stool with his hands in his pockets.

"Twelve-fifteen, Mason?" he queried.

"Neow! Promised to meet a chap on the twelve-forty-eight."

"Just my luck, too," growled Thompson.

"Arranged to meet the missus in town. Nothin' to do till two." He lit a cigarette. "Swift, stop 'ere!"

"Arf a mo."

"Swi-ift!"

"Wotcherwant?"

"Pop over and fetch me four 'apenny buns."

"Me two," said Fweddie, finding his penny with care.

"A fat sandwich for me," said Mason, who had stubborn addictions to blanket vests, check suits, stock collars, billiards, and foul pipes.

Fweddie, whose interests in life were objective, ranged across into Mr. Head's room, and what looked happily like a private letter, sat on the desk kicking his heels into the mahogany.

"Now, then! What are you up to?" said Thompson reprovingly, as he also lounged in.

The letter was passed over obediently.

Fweddie sank into the arm-chair, thumped a bell on the desk thrice for Mason, and sprawled.

The door was tapped, and Mason paused deferentially on the threshold.

"Cahmin," said Fweddie benignantly. "Now, Mason, in considawation of your honawable and indefatigable services we pwopose to incwease your salawy to ten thousand pounds per yah. What is so, Wise, old boy?"

"Yahs, yahs. Carse him," yawned Thompson.

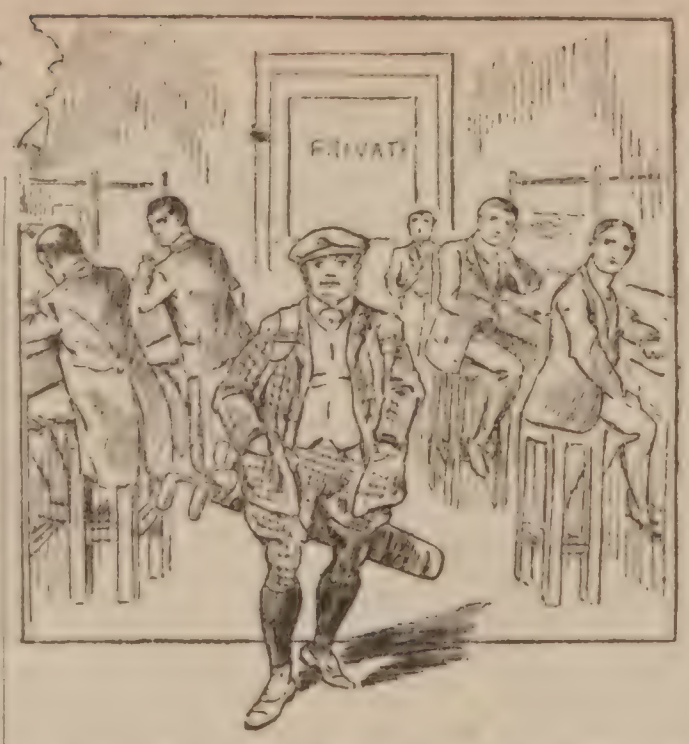
"Thankee, zur," said Mason, touching his forelock.

He loafed across to the window with hands in cross pockets and stood looking down into the street.

Fweddie went through a few drawers.

"There's that young beggar maulin' the trams," said Mason. "No, he isn't. He's eatin' 'em. Now he's lookin' in the paper shop. Lazy young hound!"

"Seen thou the Black Prince?" queried Fweddie idly.



"No; but a girl on the pavement opposite is lookin'."

"Where?" Fweddie jumped up. "Gad! she's wavin'!" Fweddie waved. "Nice little bit, too! See that?" Fweddie waved again.

Mason waved negligently.

Thompson, who had recently married, and was known to talk of affinities, came up and looked on indulgently. Thompson waved.

The girl went on her way, and Mason and Thompson strolled away from the window and back into the general office.

Fweddie watched the girl until out of sight, then his eyes roved aimlessly. He took up the telephone.

"You there, miss? You there? (falsetto) You there? (affected tenor) You theyah? (impatient bass) Are you there? (exaggerated dude) Dash it all, miss, Ah've been tintinnabulatin' for half-an-ah. Yahs. Who is? Oh, you don't mean that? Doing anything this afternoon? You will? What time? (playfully) Naughty! (more playfully) Naughty, naughty! (protestingly, as the bun scored) Chuck it!"

"So I 'ave," mumbled Mason at the doorway.

"All wight, deah! Don't be——"

Fweddie heard someone coming upstairs and he hurried out, visions of an unexpected return of Mr. Head quickening him.

Presently Swift went to the inquiry door to answer the crescendo of knocks.

"I want to see Mr. Head," said the caller.

"Wotcherbiznis?"

"It's a private matter."

"Then yer can't see 'im."

Mason, Fweddie and Thompson congregated within hearing, hoping for the diversion of an advertisement canvasser or an insurance agent. Old Mr. Young went on working.

"Well, let me see someone more important than an office-boy."

Thompson swallowed a lump of bun hastily and pushed Swift aside.

"What is it?" he asked severely.

"I want to see one of the principals."

"Mr. Head has gone," said Thompson, rather offended; "but I——"

"Well, Mr. Wise, then."

Fweddie went and peered over Thompson's shoulder.

"He's not here," said Thompson gently.

"Then I'll wait till he is," said the caller, exasperated.

"Very well."

Thompson closed the trap and grinned. Presently he opened it and said:

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait a long time. Mr. Wise is dead."

After a while the man stamped downstairs angrily.

Old Mr. Young closed his books and locked the safe.

"I should think a gramophone record of your conversation would be a unique success," he said.

SIGISMUND SMITH.

AWAY WITH TOY DOGS.

A STRONG PROTEST.

I never read of a Toy Dog Show, such as was held recently, without thinking that such exhibitions of canine freaks should not be allowed, and I back what might be objected to as a purely personal opinion by the following considerations.

First of all, the very fact that the toy dog is a freak is, I submit, sufficient to condemn it—"it" is really the only term to apply to the species.

Tiny though the little beast may be, the toy dog is none the less a monstrosity, and therefore fit only for the dime museum, or, preferably, the lethal chamber.

I should like to see the breeding of these wretched toy dogs made a penal offence.

It is in itself an offence against Nature, and it is produced by interference with Nature, and to pervert Nature to the production of unnatural animals is a crime against the laws of God and man—and it is also a crime against the brute creation.

A horrible unnaturalness is, indeed, the chief characteristic of the toy dog; there is something indescribably uncanny about it that makes it repellent to any person of healthy tastes.

It is an unmanly little beast, neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring; it disgusts one, yet one can pity it, which brings me to my second point.

I say it is cruel to breed these freaks, for they lead wretched lives. Oh, I know they are stuffed with all sorts of delicacies, that they have servants to wait on them, and that they are petted and pampered in every way, but none the less they are unhappy creatures.

They must be, simply because they are freaks. If you take liberties with Nature, she will surely revenge herself, and these unfortunate toy dogs pay the penalty of being unnaturally bred. They are unhealthy little beasts, they know none of the joys of the real dog's life, they lead an absolutely artificial existence, and an artificial life is always unhappy.

They are the imbeciles of the canine world, ruined by inbreeding, and all the evils of inbreeding are reproduced in them just as strongly as in human beings.

It is cruel to breed such abortions, because an abortion is at any time or in any circumstances a miserable thing, shut off from all natural pursuits, enjoyments and companionship.

Then the toy dog is a useless beast. For any sporting purpose it is, of course, valueless, while as a pet—well, what sensible man or woman wants a canine companion so delicate that it has to live, so to speak, in a glass case, so helpless that you dare not let it run about lest some prowling cat mistake it for a mouse and gobble it up, such a bundle of nerves that its incessant yapping makes it an intolerable nuisance to your friends.

The toy dog is never healthy, and in almost every case it is ill-tempered, often even to those who look after it.

It may be said that the toy dog is a suitable pet for a lady, but the modern woman is, or claims to be, a sportswoman, and I refuse to believe that any healthy-minded woman wants to cherish a misbegotten monstrosity as a pet or companion.

The truth, of course, is that the cult of the toy dog is simply a fashionable craze, and a peculiarly useless and unhealthy craze at that.

What possible useful purpose is served by breeding toy dogs? They do not lead to the improvement of any natural breed of dog, but to their degradation and degeneracy.

Take for example the toy bull dog, what has it of the bull-dog's courage, power, and tenacity? Nothing, it is simply a disgusting freak.

Finally, one does not need to be a spouting Socialist to denounce the criminal wickedness of lavishing money and all sorts of luxuries on these particularly useless little beasts, when thousands and thousands of children in this country do not get enough to eat.

WM. MILLER.

WHERE MEN FORECATHER.

XVI. THE CITY.

I fear I am prejudiced against the City. A friend, a Stock Exchange commission clerk, once asked me the totally superfluous question, would I like to make some money? Apparently all that I had to do was to buy certain shares (which, he assured me, were certain to appreciate in value when I would sell them) and receive a cheque for my winnings.

There was no need to put down any money—credit is the life-blood of the City. This struck me as a very gentlemanly way of doing things, and I felt that I had at last found the ideal way of earning a living. Unfortunately the shares did not rise; on the contrary they fell like a parachutist when the parachute fails to work, and the Official Receiver said that—but no matter. The point is that I have suffered through the City, and therefore I am all the more anxious to be fair to it, to find something good and pleasing and refreshing about it. But it is a mighty tough job.

There is a certain greatness about the City, a certain imposing and massive solidity, but, to me at least, it is the massiveness of the Peckham Fat Boy, Gargantuan but lacking in true grandeur. There are times when, for all its seeming strength and immobility, the City shakes and wobbles like a badly-made jelly, and I never go into the City without being reminded of the learned professor's definition of golf as "the putting of little balls into little holes with instruments singularly ill-adapted to the purpose."

THE WORLD'S PIVOT.

So much of the City's business is carried on in narrow lanes and alleys where huge vans scrape the walls on either side, and sweating men labour eternally at the vain problem of getting a quart into a pint pot.

Yet I freely admit that there is a fascination about the City. Its crazy-quilt-like structure and methods, its splendour chock-a-block with that which is foul and mean, are strangely impressive; and I know that here is centred the wealth of the world. I know that were the phantom scareship to drop destruction on the City the ripples of ruin and rout would spread from Lombard Street to Lhassa, from Cornhill to Kamchatka, from China to Peru.

Destroy the City, and I believe you would destroy the world. The absurdity, the rank preposterousness of it! The world dependent on the safety of a square mile of ill-assorted buildings, humanity held in the hollow of the often dirty hand of the City man! The fact is incredibly comic, devilishly mirthful—that creation rocks on the axis of the City, that City men really count in the world's doings, makes one wonder whether to laugh or to cry. No wonder that when the ironic gods are bored they turn on the bioscope of the City, and find ever-fresh entertainment in the pageant of civic London.

THE LACK OF MEN.

No doubt there are good, clean, decent men in the City, but they die young. Diogenes, even in his dotage, would not dream of looking in the City for an honest man, but the trouble is to find there a man at all. The City's rogues are so paltry, their villainies so mean—they haven't the pluck to be burglars: they are for the most part sneak-thieves, bold robbers of women and children, daring bandits of the area and the open window.

At best they are a pack of wolves, and the man who stumbles in the City meets the fate of the wounded wolf. There is a wolfish look about them all, accentuated in the case of the Mosensteins and Isaacsohns, who form the bulk of City men, yet visible even in the few Saxons who are cunning enough to hold their own with the alien crew.

Oh, I know you will see clean, fresh-faced, ruddy-cheeked, well-groomed Englishmen in the City, and at first sight they might pass for wholesome men. But watch them, study them, and you will see the leprosy beneath the veneer of health and manliness. The eyes that look so blue and candid are really hard, shifty and merciless. Mention money and the smiling, debonair manner vanishes, and the true ugly soul of the Mammonite peeps and grimaces forth.

Watch them in the streets and you will see that they do not walk like free men. There is a furtive, prowling look about them. Each man looks at the other as if to say, dare I attack you, dare you attack me? What a lovely existence!

ALL-PERVADING MEANNESS.

I despise the City man, I loathe him for his avarice and cowardice, the meanness of his aims and methods, the ignobility and unmanliness of his life, yet I can find it in my heart to pity him.

It must be, I think, a horrible thing to distrust your fellow men; what pleasure can there be in a life made up not of honest endeavour, but of contemptible chicaneries? Success in the City is a Dead Sea fruit sort of success; the gold is tainted; the man who makes money in the City can only plume himself on being a cleverer rogue than his fellow rogues. A grown man juggling with money is a depressing and pitiable spectacle.

City types? Oh, you know them all. Jews of various degrees from the master thief, curled, perfumed, sleek and glossy, to the pavement pilferer, dirty, cringing and snuffling. The City magnate and Briton—pompous, prim, pursy, so long inured to hypocrisy that he really believes in himself as an honest and estimable person. He is blandly, almost sublimely unconscious that he has never done a stroke of useful work in his life, that he has succeeded only in battening on his fellow-creatures.

TYPES.

The Stock Exchange sportsman, dressy, sometimes rather loud, beaming with false good-fellowship, pretending to be a man when he is but a petty peculator.

The young City man, so knowing, so fearfully clever, so very wideawake—so intolerably offensive.

The aged, seedy men who hang about the scenes of former triumphs. The sealed-pattern, top-hatted, black-coated nonentities. The elaborately unobtrusive millionaires, the blatantly obtrusive bucket-shop-keepers; the chronic boozers, the glass-of-milk-and-a-bun lunchers, the smart young clerks—you know them all, and they are all befouled with the taint of the City.

That subtle, penetrating taint which seems to sap and rob a man of all manhood, that infests him with something indescribably foul and evil.

Do I exaggerate, am I hopelessly prejudiced? Well, go into the City, and walk about it, and then come back and tell me, if you can, that you feel the better for having been there, that you have seen a single "human" face, that you have met one man you would like to take by the hand and call friend.

Is there no redeeming feature about the City? To me there is none. It is gross, but [illegible] It is an overgrown bully and [illegible] periodically shaken by panic when [illegible] yowls most indecently. Its wealth [illegible] like its entertainments and most [illegible] tants.

Yet there is a fascination about it, [illegible] bid fascination. Its gigantic trade, [illegible] pendous riches, have a compelling attraction [illegible] their own, but it is the attraction [illegible] woman in a show. The City is obscenely [illegible]

INGLORIOUS TRADITIONS.

It makes me sick when I hear men prate o[illegible] the "glorious traditions" of the City. "Glorious traditions" of money-grubbing, of robbery, o[illegible] swindling.

Admitted that the City will sometimes put it[illegible] hand in its pocket, has it ever given the world anything worth having? Where is the City's tale of noble needs, of great minds, of lofty souls? It is not, it never will be written, for there is nothing to write.

What has the City done to advance humanity? It has done nothing—on the contrary, it has, i[illegible] does, everything to degrade that man whom God made in His own image.

PETER [illegible]

WAYS AND MEANS

V. OF GETTING MARRIED.

The various methods of entering the holy matrimony in England and Wales [illegible] Marriage Act of 1823 does not refer to Scotland or Ireland) may be divided into two main classes —marriage in church or at a registry office.

The former is naturally the method preferred by most couples, for marriage is, after all, a religious rather than a civil ceremony—the [illegible] in some countries, such as Belgium, it is only the ceremony before the Mayor that is legal, a church marriage alone being insufficient.

The normal method is "marriage by [illegible] The banns—the word is the same as [illegible] which originally meant simply a proclamation—must be published on three Sundays in the parish or parishes where the two parties reside, where they have resided at least fifteen days previously.

It is not unusual for the bridegroom-elect to come and reside for a fortnight in the same parish as his fiancée, so that the banns can be put up for both of them together.

I still live in hopes of hearing the banns on some occasion forbidden—for anyone who can produce "just cause or impediment" has the right to stand up in church and say "I forbid the banns"—but at present I have only heard of instances at second-hand.

The marriage must be solemnised at one of the churches at which the banns were published. If neither of the parties resides in the parish in which the wedding is to take place, the bride or groom must again migrate for fifteen days.

Banns can be dispensed with by obtaining through a clergyman from the Bishop's Registrar an ordinary license. The fee varies according to the diocese, but is in London £2 [illegible] No notice is required, and the license is available as soon as issued.

This method saves much trouble, but is not so very heavy.

A special license at a cost of [illegible] can be obtained with the approval of the bishop of Canterbury, and is available at any time or place without residential qualification.

The Registrar of Marriages in any district which both parties have resided for fifteen days can grant certificates or licenses for marriage one days after entry of notice, for which the fees amount to 2s., the fee for the marriage ceremony being 5s.

A license available after one whole day, provided that one of the parties has resided in the district for fifteen days, costs about £2, and the fee for the ceremony is 10s.

With the exception of Jewish and Quaker marriages, for which special [illegible] force, all marriages in England must be celebrated between 8 a.m. and 3 p.m.

J. [illegible]

ENGLAND'S CRICKET LEADER

BY APPRECIATION OF A. C. MACLAREN.

ROBERT ABEL.

"The greatest cricketer in the world," said an Australian to me of A. C. MacLaren, and from an experience of some dozen years of this giant of the game I heartily agree.

Years ago he had been the skipper of an English side in Australia and had won there a [illegible] distinction. We shall [illegible] and the second week [illegible] August of learning the why and the wherefore of this great popularity.

He has told us that he was only some six years old when he used to accompany his father to the County Matches at Old Trafford, and even at that early age he was seized with a great desire to be a cricketer. Like Dr. Grace, he owed much to a lady's sympathy, and further the champion as a little boy he used to get [illegible] bowl to him and imagined himself to be a famous player.

Educated at Elstree School, a preparatory institution for the public schools, he had the advantage of finding among the masters half-a-dozen famous blues, among them W. N. Roe, Cambridge and Somerset batsman, and V. Royle, who made such a name at Oxford and later for Lancashire.

He passed at fourteen to Harrow and got into the first eleven more than a score of years ago and he played a couple of innings of over 50 against Eton at Lords.

THREE BAD SEASONS.

This early triumph was followed by three very disappointing seasons in which he described himself as a failure, but owing to the kindness of I. D. Walker he persevered, and [illegible] year at the great school he played [illegible] big innings at Lords.

Then he passed into County cricket and made a hundred and eight against Sussex in his first County match. Years before he remembers a friend telling his mother that Johnny Briggs played for the County when he was only [illegible]teen, and he made up his mind to do the [illegible], and that achievement at Brighton was the result.

He was very carefully coached and did not use a full-sized [illegible] until he was seventeen. And [illegible] mistakes many beginners make, is that of using too big a bat.

His career with the Lancashire eleven has been a very busy one, as witness the heavy crop of centuries which stand to his credit. When [illegible] great captain, A. N. Hornby, retired, MacLaren, who had for five years given ample proof of his ability, stepped into his position and [illegible] indeed.

AUSTRALIAN TRIUMPHS.

Later still he took out a famous side and started off by a victory in the first of the Tests by an innings and 124 runs, but again the other four matches were lost; yet the captain was a tower of strength, and in game after game he piled up big scores and left a record behind him of a dozen centuries in first-class games during his three tours.

More than likely he will be called upon to take another side out to that land, and the desire of the Colonials to see him will be gratified.

Of one match at Sydney, a curious story is told. He was fielding with his accustomed ability when a difficult catch came to him at the boundary where he was fielding. A little boy's voice was heard crying out: "Miss it, Archie, and I'll let you kiss my sister." Intense amusement was caused, but as the catch was secured it was all right.

"RANJI'S" BET.

The greatest game that he has taken part in against the Australians was probably the Test match at the Oval in August, 1902.

On the second night of the game "Ranji" invited MacLaren, Jessop, and some other friends to dinner. The conversation turned upon the match, and the host said that he thought Jessop, who had done little in Australia during the English tour, would make a century on this occasion.

To justify his belief, he made a friendly wager with everyone at the dinner table, in favour of the Gloucestershire captain getting his hundred the next day.

England played a magnificent uphill victory, and out of a total of 263, Jessop made 104, and we won by a single wicket.

Of his many great performances at home, and they are legion, foremost stands the world's record of 424 against Somerset at Taunton, made on two hot July days, and those who saw it will never forget the wonderful endurance shown.

OVER THIRTY CENTURIES.

Twice in successive years he made 226 not out, and 244 on the St. Lawrence ground at Canterbury, and altogether more than thirty times he has exceeded the century at home.

The keynote of his style is settled purpose; he knows exactly what he means to do with every ball and he does it.

There is nothing risky or slipshod about him, but once when playing at Scarborough during the Festival Week he slipped and was out because he had not enough nails in his boots; the lesson was not lost, and every time he goes in they are now examined with great care.

More than once it has been announced that he would retire from the game, but popular feeling has dictated otherwise. Born in 1871, he is at least a seasoned player, but there is no reason why for another decade he should not continue to delight us with that bewitching mastery that so often characterises his efforts in the field.

To the Honourable F. S. Jackson, his comrade in many a great struggle, the choice of his own successor will give great pleasure; more than once when he led England he let it be known that his opinion of Mr. MacLaren was that he was the man for the position he now holds.

The welkin will ring with British cheers when he appears at Lord's and Old Trafford in his new capacity, and he has the satisfaction of knowing that his opponents are delighted at the prospect when their own great Captain M. A. Noble will find himself opposed by a genius as subtle, as able, as determined.

THE DARK SIDE OF LIVING IN.

[*Recently I printed an article entitled "The Joys of Living In." The following contribution shows the other side of the picture.*—Ed.]

I am not a paid agitator who shouts and raves, and wishes to abolish living-in, but my experience of this system may be of some interest to the readers of The Modern Man.

The shop where I worked was situated in one of the back streets of Birmingham, hemmed in by courts, alleys and factories, where you could hardly get a breath of fresh air, and had to look straight above you for a glimpse of the sky.

Our living quarters consisted of a kitchen, which was also breakfast-room and dining-room rolled into one. There used to be a sitting-room nicely furnished when the manager lived on the premises, but since he has got on in the world he has a private residence, so the one-time sitting-room has been converted into a stock-room, and the assistants have to be content with the kitchen.

There were three fellows living in, and we shared one bedroom between us, two of us sleeping in one bed and the other one having the luxury of a bed to himself.

There was one washstand for three, and it was a rush every morning to get washed first, as the last comers had either to use dirty water or go downstairs and fetch some more.

Cleanliness was not a virtue there, and the blinds were made of that most expensive material, paper. No pictures adorned the walls; I suppose they did not wish us to study art.

As to food, which, after all, is the most important part, it was simply awful, and never varied, week in, week out, the whole year round.

For breakfast we had bacon three mornings a week; the other mornings we feasted on bread and butter, the bread having been kept till it was dry so that we should not eat much, and the butter put on and then scraped off again.

For dinner we had hot meat and potatoes one day, cold meat and pudding (perhaps) the next.

For tea we always had bread and butter (same kind as that at breakfast), and at supper-time bread and cheese and sour coffee always made its appearance.

If we went to a music-hall or theatre, we had to come out before the piece was over, as we were compelled to be in by eleven, or spend the night out.

On Sundays and Wednesdays (early-closing day) supper-time was half-past eight, and if we were out (which we always were) we had to go to bed supperless.

If we stayed in at night after we had closed the shop, we had to sit in the kitchen along with the old housekeeper, who was always jawing at us and telling us that almost everything we did was "not allowed." The consequence was that we used to spend most of our time at theatres and music-halls, which is not the most profitable way in which a fellow can spend his leisure hours.

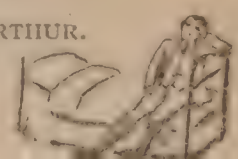
Perhaps the worst day of all, though, was a wet Sunday, when the housekeeper wouldn't let us stay in the kitchen because we were in her way while she was cooking, and we had either to roam about in the rain, or stick in our bedroom, amusing ourselves the best way we could.

When you are living in there is always the feeling that you are, to a certain extent, chained to your work, and you can have too much even of a good thing like work.

Personally, I think that everyone should live as far away from their daily toil as possible, for then they get a complete change, and return to work each morning braced up, full of energy, life and vigour, which I know from experience can never be attained by living in.

If you are offered a job, make sure that you will be free to live out.

H. Arthur.



A FOOL THERE WAS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

—And he made his prayer
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.—KIPLING.

The loafer on the park seat raised himself to an upright position and slowly got to his feet. Dragging his dilapidated boots along the path he went towards the gate.

He was not hungry, nor was his physical condition half so distressful as his clothes; nevertheless, when a well-dressed woman passed him he quickened his steps, and half ran beside her.

"Lady," he whined, "for the love of God help a poor——"

The words froze on his lips, and simultaneously she sucked in her breath and turned towards him.

"Merciful God!" he whispered, invoking the Deity in real earnest this time.

"Oh!" she exclaimed sharply.

Then her look travelled over his clothes with a dawning horror that she fought hard to conceal.

The loafer looked only at her face.

They did not speak, but his body, which had suddenly gone rigid, relaxed, and at the same time appeared to shrink smaller.

He shuffled away.

"Come here!" she commanded, and there was that in her voice which showed she had no doubt he would obey.

Obediently he returned and waited with hanging head to hear what she had to say.

"You are free, then?" she said with difficulty. The superfluity of the question struck her, and she gave a little nervous laugh. Then she shivered with fear that he would misunderstand it.

But still he kept silent.

She bent forward, and tried to discern the expression in the lowered countenance.

Even the night air held its breath, awed at the intensity of the suffering going on beneath that disreputable exterior.

"Philip!" she said, and it was like a call. He brought up his face. "Speak to me!"

"Lady," he whined, "help a poor——"

"Philip!"

The angered tone stopped him.

"What does it mean?" she faltered.

No answer.

"It really is you—Philip?"

His voice came cynically, as she had expected it would.

"All that was left of him, gallant—— But there the simile stops."

He laughed, but the sound was altogether mirthless.

"What are you doing?" Again the folly of the question smote her.

"I am a scavenger," he said, "when I'm not resting."

He waited, his attitude suggesting a polite willingness to satisfy further curiosity.

She had to go on with it.

"When did you—come out?"

A sudden weakness made her sit down on a seat near by. He stood before her, slouching, his dust-coloured rags harmonising with the dying light of day.

"I left the service of His Majesty's Government three months ago," he replied. "And with more regrets than you'd suppose. Believe me, it's quite a bewildering world when you're born into it again at thirty."

"Sit down," she said, unable to bear the sight of him.

"The situation is grotesque," he intimated, with a gesture that emphasised the contrast in their appearance.

"Sit down!" she repeated, and as before he obeyed. This woman had worked her way with him from the beginning.

"It certainly was rather contemptible of me to parade my ignominy," he observed, interpreting her thoughts so exactly that she started. "But where I have—shall we say—receded, you have——"

She interrupted him.

"Don't be mean!" she pleaded.

"Mean!" His laugh was corroding. "I am in the most generous of moods. If you don't want me to talk about you, and your evident prosperity, what shall I talk about? Myself?"

This time she was silent.

"I hope you're not feeling delicate about my unhappy appearance," he went on. "I assure you it's nothing like so painful as some conditions of—affluence."

"What do you mean?" she flashed.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Merely that you look utterly charming, as usual. What the modiste calls 'a perfect creation.'"

His hatred of himself now obscured every instinct of chivalry.

"Who is it this time?" he demanded, the words tearing themselves from him.

The woman took a deep breath, and with another laugh the loafer changed the subject.

"Yes, I'm free," he said, "to appropriate your involuntary description; and sometimes it's exhilarating. That is, when I forget that I'm on ticket-of-leave."

"Oh!" she exclaimed sharply.

"My dear girl," he said indulgently, "have you missed counting? They gave me five years. Surely it had not passed so completely from your mind that you should imagine I could be here without that generous arrangement of the authorities. I got quite a substantial sample discount, so it only cost me a trifle over four years. A sort of temptation to repeat the order."

"I had not forgotten," she said dully.

"I was grateful that you turned up at the trial. It sustained me. I was quite apprehensive that you would have tired of the play before the last act. Don't you remember the ridiculous little judge, bowed 'neath his wig and ermine? Can you recall his attempt to look severe, and his speech—'Prisoner in the dock, you have been found guilty——'"

"*You coward!*" she blazed.

A strange quiet came over them.

She broke it at length, speaking in ordinary tones more dreadful than any emotion.

"You thought I came to the court to gloat over you! Then you comforted yourself by thinking I went straight away to the arms of another man. You never thought I went there to take my part in the punishment, deliberately, because I knew it was owing to me that [illegible] stood there in that dock. The judge sentenced you, and [illegible] me just as surely as he sentenced you, and I've never been able to get the horrible scene out of my mind.

"Then you come into my life again to [illegible] me, and show off your scars, and remind me that *I* am responsible for them. What are you responsible for in *my* life? Did you ever think of that? No; your contemptible mind was given up to the study of your own symptoms. Yours is the character to enjoy degradation. You're a coward! You were always a coward!"

"Have you done?" he said in a low voice. "Then you shall listen to me. You said I was free. So I thought I was—until to-night. I fled from you. I thought the love I had for you was burned out of my life. But now, I see that I was wrong. All you have said is just. But I might say, as justly, that you have come out best. What does it matter? I was made for you, and you for me."

Again she interrupted him.

"A scavenger!" she said, and thrust out her hands. "A scavenger and a thief!"

"And the man you love," he said, without wincing.

She pressed one hand over her eyes.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she wailed.

He said nothing. The decision had got to be hers.

"Listen," she said hurriedly. "I've got [illegible] Not much. Enough to take us away [illegible] away. I'll go home now, and get it."

"Now?" His hand arrested her. "No, it will have to be with my money—as soon as I can get it. Not—anybody else's. I couldn't stand that. You must leave—whoever you're with, and wait. Will you do that?"

Abruptly she got up.

"Come," she said, and he knew that he had won.

He followed her patiently, a step or two behind, until she was nearly at the gate. Then she turned and searched his face in the light of a lamp.

And, as they stood there, a cab rolled up on to the pavement a few paces away, and a man in a frock-coat and silk hat stepped and looked about with the air of one who is keeping an appointment. His eye lit on the woman and the loafer, looking hard at each other.

"Are you satisfied?" said the loafer, before she could reply the newcomer had reached them.

"Well, Vivie," he said, raising his hat. "Sorry I'm a bit late. Hello! what's this fellow after? Clear off, my friend, unless you want trouble."

The loafer stood looking at the woman, with a flash realising how hard it was for her to know what to do.

She hesitated. She looked from one to the other. Then she fumbled with her purse. "No, no," protested her friend. "These ruffians ought to be stamped out of existence. Whatever he has told you is bound to be lies."

Still the loafer looked at the woman, and his figure was drawn up. But his rags made his pride look fantastic. She gave him one [illegible] glance, and turned away. The gentleman [illegible] ceded her to the cab.

For one second the loafer stood as if blighted. Then he ran forward, his shoulders down, his whole attitude that of the begger.

"Lady," he whined, "I thought you were going to give me something."

The gentleman paused in the act of entering the cab, and put his hand in his pocket patiently.

"Here's a shilling," he said. "Now get away."

Occupied with arranging her dress in the cramped space the woman resolutely kept her eyes away.

The loafer held the shilling in his fingers, eyed it absorbedly, then pocketed it, and shuffled off aimlessly.

RESULTS

You are certain to have good results if you advertise in our Readers' Sale and Exchange columns.

Advertise anything you want to buy at a moderate figure, or anything you want to sell; but don't advertise anything or for anything that does not concern men.

Our readers are all men, and it is to them you speak.

Your announcement need not cost you more than a shilling, as you will see by referring to page 3 of this week's cover.

RESULTS

SMALL BOAT SAILING

...O COSTLY A SPORT AS PEOPLE THINK.

...always been a matter of some surprise ...hat the pastime of small boat sailing ...attracts more devotees than it does. ...me to the conclusion that most men ...of it, for fear of the expense they ...will be put to. I hope in this ...prove that this fascinating and health- ...ise is far cheaper than many other ...

...men living in inland towns can- ...pected to be expert in the handling of ...t there are thousands of men who live ...side towns, and places within half-an- ...train of the run of the coast, who ...appreciate the pleasures that sail- ...give them, could they be shown how ...it cheaply and inexpensively.

...is for a boat to be shared by ...to six people, who provide ...ant of cash in the first place, and ...r expenses equally.

WHAT BOATS COST.

...possible to buy a well-built boat, 20ft. to ...with cabin and punt, and com- ...all sailing accessories, for from £20 ...second-hand. A new boat this size would ...£40 to £60 complete.

...ices are not exceptional, but about ...A party of handy men can reduce ...more than one half by buying the ...and fitting her with deck, cabin and ...

...boat. £... For this I obtained a ...in length and 7ft. beam. She was ...but for two watertight tanks. I ...over and put in a cabin for 30s. I ...with main mast and jigger, and she ...r sails. Her masts and spars were ...the rough from the timber yard, and ...planed and varnished later.

...Her sails I bought ready-made from the sail- ...makers, and they were the heaviest outlay. ...Anchors and fittings were bought and begged ...from various places, including repair yards and ...shops.

...is roughly one ton, and con- ...stone bedded in cement. Don't ...it ...tells ...n old.

...£2 5s., and the total outlay ...n the water for the first sail ...£10.

...I did most of the work myself on ...and on odd occasions, and ...little amount. It should how- ...matter to get a carpenter to ...occasionally for very little; if not, ...generally an old boatman or beach- ...who is only too pleased to give a hand ...coppers, and at the same time supply ...really good advice.

...more than of us sharing in the boat, ...paying £4 each for a quarter ...thus I have all the sailing I want, ...pocket as well.

...useful to take one of the papers de- voted to boat sailing when starting in this line, as many useful things can be bought very cheaply through their advertisement columns.

Never be afraid of the paint-brush. Paint is cheap enough, and it ensures water-tight joints when properly applied, and if boiled oil be added the cost is still less. Get someone who understands the sailing of a boat to give you a few lessons in handling her, and also get the advice of an experienced man before you decide to buy a boat ready for sailing.

JOINING A CLUB.

In many places moorings can be had free, or for next to nothing, and it is advisable to join some yacht or boat club, when the experience and knowledge of the older members will be at your disposal. The fees vary according to the club, from 10s. per annum to £3.

With a boat such as has been described, it is possible to sail all round the coast, and even to make places two or three days' sail from the mainland, though only an expert, who knows the local conditions, should attempt an excursion like this.

Your own rig-out costs practically nil, consisting when sailing of an old pair of trousers, sweater and goloshes, or, better still, bare feet. It is advisable however to invest in a suit of oil-skins, cost 25s., for dirty weather.

SMART TOGS.

Some of our smarter friends may like to invest in a blue serge, with brass buttons, pipe-clayed shoes and a peaked cap, and when this costume is set off by the bronzed face and clear eyes that sailing gives, nothing could be smarter.

Take a banjo or a mandoline with you on your trips, and don't forget to howl out the choruses.

For the sporting element, fishing is unbounded and free, and for excitement nothing can beat the joy of winning a hard-fought race at some regatta, and then there is the flag to swagger with at the masthead, and the cigars or other luxuries that usually form part of the prize. Take my advice and try sailing if you can manage to do so, and you will not regret it.

C. W. TAYLOR.

TONE OF VOICE.

It is very interesting to notice the tone of voice in which strangers speak to you, whether you meet them in the railway carriage or anywhere else.

The majority of men assume a strangely dignified and distant tone in addressing a stranger and it gives a very bad impression, for it makes the other suppose that the speaker is stuck-up and stupid.

On the other hand, there are some who speak in a far too familiar manner to strangers. You never know what sort a man is when he speaks to you casually, and you do not want to give him an opportunity of presuming on your friendliness. If he is a sharper he will do this if your tone is over cordial.

In my own line of business I am brought into contact with many strangers, and I have found that the happy medium is the best in the long run.

Speak in a natural tone of voice, as you would to a brother or sister or to anyone else whom you have known for some time. Your voice will then be neither frigid nor oily and you will give the right impression without affording the stranger the slightest opportunity of presuming upon your politeness.

You want a good strong voice, of course, for without that you can't give a good impression.

I don't mean that you should talk like a megaphone, but your voice should be deep and mellow, not harsh and thin.

The way to get a strong voice is to make your body strong first.

J. SIMS.

AMATEUR CARPENTRY.

A USEFUL AND MUSCLE-MAKING HOBBY.

Carpentry is a hobby which a man's womenkind usually regard with favour. It enables him to make himself really useful about the house, it keeps down bills for repairs, and it is a clean hobby, which, unlike some other hobbies, does not bring him into the drawing-room, reeking of oil, chemicals or other "smelly" things.

Therefore the household "powers that be" generally smile upon the amateur carpenter, but, while that is pleasant, let him keep them at a distance; the explanation of which ungallant and perhaps rather cryptic advice is that he should never use any tool or allow it to be used for any other than its proper purpose.

My first tip then to you, the man who is taking up carpentry, is to keep the door of your workshop locked, and the key in your pocket. Neglect this precaution, and you will find your pet axe taken for chopping firewood or even coal, your most cherished chisel used for prising up nails, and so on in a dreadful tale of horrible happenings.

Before fitting up your workshop you will do well to spend a pound or two in lessons from a professional carpenter. He will soon teach you how to use and take care of the various tools, the particular uses of different woods, and the more elementary operations in carpentry, and the money spent will be money saved in the end.

Without expert knowledge you will soon ruin your tools by using them wrongly.

Sawing is an art by itself, and the uninstructed amateur usually makes the following mistakes: (1) He puts all four fingers through the handle of the saw, instead of laying the first finger along the side of the handle that is farthest away from him. (2) He forgets to keep his eyes directly over the saw-blade. (3) Instead of allowing his arm free play, he holds it stiff and puts far more force than is necessary into the downward stroke, thus creating unnecessary friction, and often damaging the saw.

Perhaps the commonest mistake made by beginners is using a hammer instead of a mallet to wooden-handled tools, to their great detriment, but space permits me only to emphasise the importance of learning from a practical man how to use your tools before starting work.

You should also as a preliminary make yourself acquainted with the characteristics, peculiarities, and uses of the different kinds of wood.

For general construction the following woods are most used: oak, teak, chestnut, fir, cedar, elm, walnut, larch, pine, poplar, beech and mahogany.

Some of these, however, are not only difficult to work, but expensive, and deal—that is, pine-wood, red, yellow or white—is the amateur carpenter's stand-by, and working in a small way you will probably get most of your deal in the shape of packing cases, egg-boxes, and so forth.

Don't dismember a packing case by wrenching the sides from the ends with a screw-driver or other tool, for by doing so you will split or otherwise spoil some if not most of the boards. Extract the nails with a nail-puller, and thus preserve the boards intact and save money.

The nails should be preserved, as they are especially suited to amateur work. Incidentally, a golden rule in regard to nails is never to hammer in a nail without first having borod a hole for it, thus, so far as is possible, obviating any chance of the wood splitting.

Don't spoil your work for a ha'porth of glue. The following is a good recipe for melting glue: break the glue into small pieces, and soak in cold water for from twelve to twenty-four hours; then heat in the glue-pot, which you will have bought as an essential part of your outfit, until it runs freely and is about as thick as thin treacle. The hotter the glue when applied, the greater its holding power, and fresh glue is much better than old.

GERALD CARLESS.

THE DROVER.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

If happiness consists in taking things as they come and never worrying about the future, then my friend the drover is a man to be envied, for he has found whatever happiness follows upon the observance of these two precepts.

Though his life seems to me to be one of the utmost precariousness and uncertainty, yet he never, to my knowledge, utters so much as the conventional platitudes about "hard times," but he turns up bubbling over with good spirits, and full of a delicious boyish happiness that makes him the envy of every care-burdened man who sees him.

From many a chat with him upon the highway or in the cattle market I have come to learn something of his philosophy, though he does not call his life ideals by such a name, and, indeed, is hardly conscious of the fact that three or four clear rules govern his entire existence.

But first as to the man himself. He is short and wiry, carrying whatever years he has without an effort. His age, indeed, is something of a mystery. He might be twenty-five and he might be fifty-five. Sometimes he seems the one and sometimes the other; but his general demeanour suggests a man who takes no account of the years and who will never grow old.

His face and hands would match the red earth of Devon. Years spent in the open air in all weathers have tanned his exposed skin to a deep red-brown hue that gives him the appearance of a scorched ploughed field.

His little eyes twinkle with good humour. He carries a knotty ash stick wherever he goes, and one cannot help suspecting that he uses it without stint upon the backs and flanks of the cattle he drives up and down the west country.

Quite a part of himself is his coat, which comes down to his knees with a forlorn droop from the shoulders; its pockets gaping with a lean and hungry look.

Such, in rough outline, is Billy the drover, a man who is known to every cattle dealer in four counties, and who is trusted by them with some of their most valued herds.

He is quite restless. The idea of perpetual service for one master is repugnant to him, and so he has chosen the drover's life.

He is a regular attendant at all fairs and cattle markets, and often, when many beasts have changed hands, there is keen competition for Billy's services among the farmers.

For Billy is above all reliable. Put him in charge of a few dozens of refractory bullocks, and tell him to deliver them at some spot thirty miles away, and he will carry out the commission without turning a hair or making the slightest objection.

Whatever the difficulties of the journey he will overcome them. He has "a way" with cattle that no other drover possesses, and can perform wonders at his own occupation.

He has no home. The barn or haystack of his temporary employer is good enough. He will assure you, too, that he knows better than to go to sleep in a barn with a lighted pipe in his mouth.

Billy's restlessness shows itself also in his love of change of scene. He will work his way systematically round and round through a very considerable section of England, turning up almost mysteriously at all the great fairs and markets, where he will wander round the pens aimlessly watching the progress of affairs until some dealer engages him.

Being a man with a reputation—he has never been known to lose a beast—he is not compelled to seek work, but is sought out by all who desire his services.

I know no happier man, though he is homeless and a wanderer.

And yet he cannot be said to be without an anchorage, for wherever he happens to be he finds scenes and people both familiar and friendly.

V. HARTINGTON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A SPORTING COMPETITION.

I take it that as Editor of this paper, it is my duty to meet the needs of the majority of my readers. I should like to have THE MODERN MAN so that every particle and every story in it should prove interesting to every reader, but that is an impossibility, and therefore I have to consider the majority.

I have cut out different features and started new ones at the request of my readers, and next week I hope to give you particulars of one which has been clamoured for by a very large percentage of my friends.

It is a sporting competition.

I have never had any competitions in this paper, apart from the readers' page, which scarcely ranks as a contest, for the chief prize is only a guinea. I wanted to prove to myself, and to the reading public, that it was possible for a paper to acquire a large circulation without competitions, and I have done so.

The competition which I am starting next week is not intended to boom my circulation or to advertise the paper. It is simply a good sporting competition, which those of my readers who like this kind of thing will enjoy.

I can promise that it will be conducted in a thoroughly sportsmanlike manner.

ACHES AND PAINS.

I suppose it is inevitable that the sportsman should at times overdo things so far as his muscles are concerned. If we took our recreations cautiously, gradually increasing our exertions with our muscular development, we should not suffer from aches, but I think that if we did this, we should be robbing sport of half its charm.

So far as I am concerned, I am never better pleased than when some part of my anatomy is aching—moderately of course, and not obtrusively—as the result of too keen a participation in sport.

As I write this, my arm is sore with too much tennis, for I have just returned from a week-end with a friend who is an enthusiast on the lawn. When I bend my arm or when I twist it round, I am pleasantly conscious of my muscles because they are sore.

I am always overstraining one part or another of my muscular outfit, but the ensuing aches give me, I verily believe, a good deal more pleasure than pain.

OVER THE HURDLES.

This soreness does not last very long. Before going off for this week-end, I twisted my left thigh, but, whether it was the tennis or whether it was the passing of time that cured it, it is now perfectly sound again.

The way I twisted that thigh might be of some interest to those of my readers who care for horsemanship.

I was taking a very fine jumper over a hurdle and he went in such an easy fashion that there was no fun in it. So I tried to send him over in the way some athletes jump. I drew him up so that the end of the hurdle was at his near side, just against my left foot, and then I sent him not more than a couple of yards forward, twisted him round and brought him over.

It was not a jump of any great height, for, of course, with a high jump, this method of taking it would have been impossible.

This style of jumping was a novelty so far as this particular horse was concerned, and, anticipating possible trouble, I sat extra tight.

We landed all right, but I discovered that I had damaged my thigh somehow or another; it felt like cramp. I suppose it must have been due to the horse twisting round suddenly and at speed while my muscles were over tense. It took me some days to get rid of that particular ache, but throughout my working hours it was a pleasant reminder of a happy incident.

Now when I jump a horse in this way over a hurdle I take very good care to sit easily.

THE LITERARY BORE.

Somehow or another it [illegible] in our village that I am the [illegible] of THE MODERN MAN. [illegible] the villagers, I am glad to say, make no [illegible] ence to me on this account. They do no [illegible] very much interest in papers of any kin[illegible] they have not spun round my head [illegible] tion of a halo. Possibly because they [illegible] too well.

There is one man, however, who insis[illegible] talking literature with me whenever I [illegible] to meet him in one of the local hotels. [illegible] minds one of a young school teacher [illegible] suffering from an attack of undigested in[illegible] tion, and before I have been many minu[illegible] his company, he trots out some allusion [illegible] author or another, so that he may mentio[illegible] fact that he has delved deeply in this a[illegible] works.

At one period of my career, I studied E[illegible] literature fairly extensively, but I did [illegible] purpose, because I wanted an honours [illegible] that subject to help me to obtain my firs[illegible] in London. But literature never fascinat[illegible] very much; what has always held my in[illegible] has been the living people about me. I [illegible] rather talk with a moderately intelligent [illegible] than read the greatest classic that was [illegible] written.

Such being my view of literature, y[illegible] understand that I am not over delighted [illegible] our village literary bore buttonholes me [illegible] pours into my unwilling ears ill-formed opi[illegible] concerning works that he knows little [illegible]

A QUOTATION.

I have always endured him [illegible] politeness, waiting for an opportunity to get rid of him and to [illegible] somebody else, but one evening, elevated [illegible] energy borrowed from his favourite scribe, [illegible] was injudicious enough to remark that the [illegible] were past when men could write and that [illegible] papers as mine were trash.

I considered this very bad manners.

Therefore I was angry, and I quoted [illegible] that beautiful verse from Lewis Carroll:

"The time has come," the Walrus [illegible]
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

He is not a humourist, but he is the o[illegible] amongst other things, of a greengrocery, [illegible] and, if the quotation was not as fully ap[illegible] ciated by him as some of those he had been [illegible] ing me with, it was at least appreciated by [illegible] others who heard it, and he relieved me of [illegible] company without delay.

THE FINAL ATTACK.

But I had not yet cured him [illegible] literary monomania. He [illegible] talking literature to other [illegible] but they generally fell asleep. I, at least, did [illegible] do that, and the next time we met he tack[illegible] me again.

"What I like," he said, "is satire. [illegible] some magnificent bits in Byron."

"Who was Byron?" I asked.

"Byron! You don't know who Byron is? [illegible] dead?"

"I've never met him," I replied.

And thus it came about that our li[illegible] spent a fair amount of his time in dis[illegible] not generously, on modern journalism, [illegible] masculine journalism in particular, for [illegible] assures his fellow villagers that the Editor [illegible] THE MODERN MAN does not know who Byron is.

But he has never again spoken to me [illegible] matters literary, and for this relief I am [illegible] willing to sacrifice my reputation in [illegible]

Yours [illegible]

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

...SKETCH
...F. MYERS.

...the streets of ... the ... The drivers of all ... seemed to cherish enmity ... their level best to run over ...ies.

...Street at least two ladies tripped ... and fell into my friend's strong ... apparently had no objection to ...

...mated that his views did not co-incide with theirs, they caught the undeniable ... and ordered him to go ... to his cattle, which seemed ... the company of "lidies." ... is undeniably bucolic. Before ...n, it was all I could do to prevent ... assuming an odoriferous suit of tweed, which could be smelt long before ... and dimly suggested a forty-acre hay-... struggled at last into a "towny" blue ... he confessed he felt rather "over-..." in, and surmounted the lot with his ... hat-guard ring.

...how," we drifted into Leicester Square, ... the ring at the back of his hat was ...ject of much audible comment from ...per boys, one of whom suggested that ... of the ring was to "'ang the 'at up wiv, ...!"

...as hoofed the youth with the erroneous ... to the hat-guard attachment, and ... found himself surrounded by half-a-... full of over curious Leicester loungers ... for excitement.

... sir?" said a sporting-looking gentle-... charge of a hansom, opportunely break-... upon the gathering and scattering ...!"

..." said Thomas, suddenly jumping in. ...sbury Avenue—like the devil!"

...as lifted me in. Cabby whipped up, ... drove off amid ironical cheers and a ... expressed desire on the part of the ...'s newspaper boy to hear whether ... Shaftesbury Avenue?" I asked Thomas ...passed Scott's.

...as turned on me angrily. "My dear ...ol, it's the only place I know by name ...ondon!"

...abby poked his ... through the sky-...re ... in Shaftesbury Avenue, sir?" ... Thomas. If Shaftesbury Avenue ... the East India Dock Road, still ... could cheerfully have ordered the cabby ... there—the idiot!

... where abouts in Shaftesbury Avenue, ..." I asked, echoing our cabby's question. ...sh Museum's the only other show I re-...reading about," Tommy whispered in ... tones. "Do ... tell him somewhere for ... old man."

..." I shouted through the open ...

...," said Tommy ten minutes later, as ... almost *au naturel*, dancing ...ange and pale blue "lime," "is ... Boy," he said, "it's grand!"

... curtain fell and the lights went up sud-...I caught Tommy, his healthy, strong ...shed, and a sparkle in his eyes that I ...er seen there before. I promptly brought ...

...ten-f... ...n to-morrow will get you ...et in time to see those bullocks of ..., won't it?" I ...

..., yes," he ... ...ed weakly. "The bul-... the bullocks!"

... at his big fat hands, chipped here ..., and then at the milk-white mani-...ngers of a vapid youth in evening dress, ... a cigar.

...g it, boy," he said to me, regarding his ...fist, "I feel—feel filthy!"

ONE OF THE "NUTS"

Then he looked at the young man hard.

"Why, it's Ralph Lorraine!" exclaimed Thomas. "Good Lord—and I didn't know you!"

Even then it was some little time before I could bring myself to believe this was Ralph Lorraine, son of my provincial township's leading Nonconformist, and in addition an old schoolfellow, but I grasped his soft hand at last.

The orchestra was playing to a lady who was paid several hundred pounds weekly to sing delicately (?) suggestive songs to an appreciative audience.

"Let's go and drink something," said the immaculate Lorraine to Tommy.

"And miss this?" asked Thomas, horrified.

"Oh, yes. It's piffling—and she's fifty-six if she's a minute. *I* know! Pals with half the leading pro's, *I* am. One of the nuts, I tell you—one of the nuts. Come and try some of Millicent's gin fizz."

We had strolled into the prettily-lighted lounge bar. Above a shelf of liqueur and wine glasses, an electric fan whizzed hot, lifeless air into the place.

A painted and much-powdered woman of the sort men call "fine," extended a bare arm over the bar.

"Where *have* you been to, Podgie?" she asked of Lorraine. "Surely not looking at the show?"

"Millicent," said the slender Lorraine, who must have been designated "Podgie" sarcastically, "let me introduce you to two friends of my early youth, both from my dear old native Muddleton-on-Splosh. But excuse 'em for that, Millicent, they're pals of mine and extra special——"

"Nuts?" asked Millicent of the peroxide hair.

"First-class Barcelona guaranteed," answered our friend, although we claimed no such distinction.

"They don't look it," Millicent put in unkindly.

We were not wearing evening dress, the recognised uniform of the "nuts," wherefore Millicent naïvely doubted our *bonâ-fides*, so that at the whispered advice of Lorraine, Thomas proved himself a "real Barcelona" by standing "gin fizzes" round.

"Come over in the corner and tell me all about—Home," said Lorraine suddenly. He linked Tommy's arm with his, and we collapsed into a tobacco-smelling lounge, beneath an artificial palm.

"Oh, damn Home!" said Thomas. "I'm up to see the Town, Ralph. Though I feel rather a scrub beside you and the rest of the—of the 'nuts,' as you call 'em. Look here——"

He placed his big hand beside Lorraine's delicate fingers.

"That's the difference between us; no amount of washin' could make 'em any different, boy. I'm a bloomin' Hodge and everyone can see it."

"You are also a bally idiot, and don't know it," Ralph observed cuttingly. I'm not attempting to do the maudlin' parson with you, nor borrowing a bit out of a Drury Laner, but your hands, my dear chap, are as driven snow to coal dust compared with mine. That sounds pretty terse, doesn't it, my buck?

"Bah! I wish I had the courage to go back—even if my hands *did* get a little soiled. But I can't, old chap. Here the Town has sunk—beneath this unpaid-for but excellent dress shirt—and there it will stay. It was always odds against green fields where I was concerned, and, personally, I bar the simple country maiden.

"But tell me about Home, Tommy. Who's dead and who's married, and where was there a fire last week? What aristocrat has run off with the pastrycook's daughter? All the news, my dear boy. Extra speshul edition, sir!"

"Oh, things are very slow down our way," said Tommy slowly.

"Very refreshin'," observed the "nut," a peculiar look in his eyes. "I can just imagine it. Same old market carts, with Farmer Giles beautifully drunk on Saturday night, eh? And the old town painfully respectable on Sunday morning, with the cracked bell tolling in the church, and the Salvation Army warbling near the Market Cross at dusk."

"You've got it exactly," said Thomas. "Why ask me?"

"I don't know. You seem to give me the note, the exact flavour, old Tommy boy. But, you'd like to be one of the 'nuts' here, eh?"

"Gad! I should. Fancy this sort of thing every night—for you, because you've had the sense to choose London, while I—I reek of the fields and stables. Here, it's that sort of music ——"

Tommy waved his hand. The orchestra were playing a swinging waltz. "And fine women like—er—Millicent to talk to every night."

Lorraine placed his hand on Tommy's shoulder.

"I wouldn't kiss her," he said, "without washing my mouth afterwards—and promptly at that! Millicent—oh, good heavens!"

"I think it's rotten of you to say that," said Tommy fiercely, "considering she seems to know you pretty well, and you introduced us like friends."

"Friends. Oh, yes, so are the rest of the boys—but it's early for them yet. You'll see the whole rotten set come up. Travers, who ought to be kicked out of every decent club in London. He's smart with cards, is Travers.

"Then there's an Honourable whose parents are quite respectable, like mine are in humbler walks of life, but the Honourable keeps a tipping office and like Millicent over there and other barmaids, cleans out the mugs. Sounds like delicate fiction, doesn't it? But of such is the assembly of 'nuts'—with family names that get them 'tick' all over the West-End.

"To-morrow," he went on sadly, "you'll be going back—back to that little place still sleeping in the '50's—back to a decent girl that you wouldn't introduce—wouldn't *mention*, boy, to Millicent over there—someone who'll be mending your thick home-made socks by a fireside of your own some day. That doesn't sound very romantic, does it? But it's ahead of this damned artificiality. Stick to it, Tommy. You aren't made for this glamour, this sink of iniquity."

"Lorraine, Lorraine!" came a chorus from the curtained archway that led into the lounge.

Lorraine sprang up at the sound of his name.

"Tommy," he said as he linked his arms in ours, "forget what I've said. It isn't me, boy, really—but sometimes I think, and drivel a bit. Your life is yours, mine's mine. Hallo, there's dear old Wilkie Bard on. Boys, let me introduce you! Two dear old pals from Muddleton-on-Splosh—my friends, the 'nuts'! And Millicent, most fresh and charming of Angels, seven brandies and sodas will, I think, meet the case!"

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

RIDING EXERCISES.

I have received several appeals from Territorial readers and others for a good exercise for developing the muscles required in riding.

If you are in the habit of riding regularly, your muscles very soon accommodate themselves to the needs of the sport and you require no other training; but there are many who ride horses only occasionally, and naturally each time they are up they feel the inevitable pains of tiredness, and it is for them that I am giving these exercises.

At the same time, these two exercises are excellent for all athletes, whether horsemen or not, and I strongly advise every reader of this page to practise them.

The first is one which was given to me by an old riding master who is reputed to be the best man across country in the Midlands.

It requires two to do it properly. You set yourself on a chair, and your friend sits directly facing you. Put your knees close together and get him to put his knees just outside yours and pressing against them.

ARISTOGEITON,
Probably by
Critius and Nesiotes.
(In the National Museum, Naples.)

Now try your hardest to force your knees apart, while your friend tries his best to force your knees together.

This exercise is absolutely without rival for the development of the gripping muscles of the thighs, knees and calves.

It is unlikely that you and your friend have exactly the same muscular strength, and it is probable that one will be able to beat the other with comparative ease at this exercise, but all the same you must not discontinue it on that account, for even if one proves the stronger he is still receiving benefit from the exercise, and, of course, the weaker man is getting even more good out of it than if both were equally matched.

When you have tried the exercise for some time with your knees inside, reverse the process and have his knees inside while you place yours on the outside.

If you are very equally matched it may be difficult to say when you have succeeded in getting your knees apart; and as a test for this it is a good plan to hold a penny just above your knees and to drop it though when there is sufficient opening, which proves conclusively that you have got them asunder.

The very best exercise ever invented for the development of the gripping muscles.

If you have not a chum with whom to practise this exercise, you can get almost as good results by placing a doubled pillow between your knees and gripping them together as hard as you can for a prolonged period; of course the is not the stimulus of competition in practising the exercise alone, but this adaptation of it may be useful to the man who lacks a convenient friend.

The second exercise is also extremely good and should be practised in conjunction with the first.

While standing erect, place your hands on your hips and throw your chest out. Have your toes well spread and your heels together.

An exercise with its movement close to the body.

Then bend your knees till you are in a sitting position. Be careful to keep your heels together all the time and let the knees spread well out to the side. Remain for a moment in this position and then raise yourself till you are as when started.

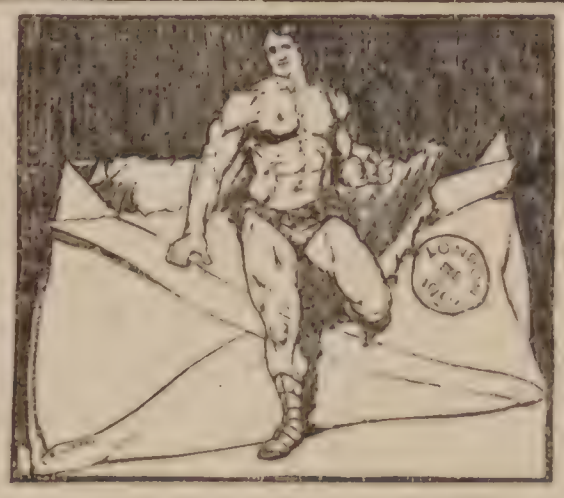
Repeat this exercise twenty times or when you are beginning to get tired.

I do not say that by practising these exercises a man who is absolutely green at horsemanship can sit his mount with the same ease as the expert, for there are many minor muscles used in riding which can scarcely be developed apart from it. All the same, these exercises will save the novice much trouble, and they will give the occasional rider in thorough form.

It is also necessary for you to develop your arm muscles, for your mount may be a puller, and for arm strength I know of nothing better than the exercise which I have already given and which I need not again illustrate.

Spread yourself on the floor, letting your weight rest on your hands and toes, keeping your hands about eighteen inches from one to the other and having your arms perfectly straight. Now bend the arms till your chest just touches the floor; then straighten up to your first position and repeat the exercise till you begin to get fatigued.

STRENGTH BY MAIL



IF YOU would enjoy perfect health, with the staminal power and glorious strength and development of the trained athlete, write for my terms. To the man whom business compels to lead a sedentary life, my system of Home Training brings Health and Strength, and makes "strong in work and keen in play."

Everyone to-day recognises the necessity of some few health exercises to be performed daily with the object of maintaining health and conducing longevity, to prevent troublesome complaints and physical defects. There are many systems before the public, and the trouble with most is that they are not practical. To be successful and to prevent monotony, a system must, above all, be practical. A "faddy" system is bound to become monotonous, and is bound to pall one in a very short time, through a variety of causes.

When a pupil enrols with me he is retaining the services of a man fitted by training and experience to help him obtain maximum results, and one who will plan the work for him with unbiassed mind, with all the energy and ability he possesses to make the enrolment a tremendous success. This is the way I serve all pupils. This is the way I would serve you, for I recognise fully that each successful pupil is the best possible advertisement I can have.

I do not hand your case to a Clerk to deal with. My heart is in my work, and it is a pleasure to handle each case.

To those who have grown old before their time by leading a life at variance with nature's inviolable laws I offer rejuvenescence. I obtain exquisite pleasure from moulding the physique of those who place themselves in my care, and **I guarantee to correct hitherto irremediable complaints and physical defects such as indigestion, constipation, obesity, emaciation, rounded shoulders, flat chests, etc., etc.**

The improved health and increased energy derived from my course demand and receive an equivalent in every-day business life which ensures the return of my fee one hundred times over, hence to all youths and business men my course is the most profitable investment.

C. B. FRY recommends my system, and 20,000 pupils endorse my claims.

My book, **"HEALTH AT HOME,"** containing terms for my course and most interesting and instructive matter, is to be had for the asking. **WILL YOU ASK?**

My address is:

T. INCH (Dept. M.M.), **Physical Culture Expert,**
The Broadway, Fulham, London, S.W.

JU-JITSU.

5th LESSON.

...mpanying sketch does not, as may at ...ht appear, represent a new form of step ... but merely a very useful method of put... opponent on the floor. If you happen to see your opportunity to grasp him by the arms in the manner shown:

Seize his left elbow with your right hand and get a grasp of his right shoulder with your left hand.

Now swing him round towards your right, if necessary turning with him and forcing him round in a complete circle.

The object of this is to ... left f... give you an opportunity of ... it when it is off the ground ... it away from under him.

... your opportunity, push it ... right foot, increasing the ... the right with your arms, and ... to come over.

... thing must be done quickly and ... swung round as suddenly as pos... or if your first attempt to knock away his ... unsuccessful he will see your game and ... put on his guard, in which case he will ... very much difficulty in resisting you ... even get you out by using the same

FIRST AID.

... very necessary that the physical culturist, ... naturally keen on bringing his body to ...ghest possible pitch of perfection, should ...tand how to repair any damage that may ...im from time to time.

... often finds a man, who has not taken the ... to learn the correct method of administer... ...id, bandaging a slight sprain or a ... a way as to do far more harm than

...ve heard it said by a well-known doctor ...lled bandages, at any rate, should only be ... by those who have received some train... First Aid, and the application of these ... the most dreaded part in the practical ...ation of a young doctor or a nurse. ...e are many ways of learning something ... First Aid which are open to the keen ... culturist.

... branch of the Royal Army ... gives a course of sound training ... First Aid, but in more advanced ... of medical science, and in almost any ... the medical officer holds ambu... ...quent intervals, at which prac... ...is given and a certificate may ... passing an examination.

PERSONAL TUITION.

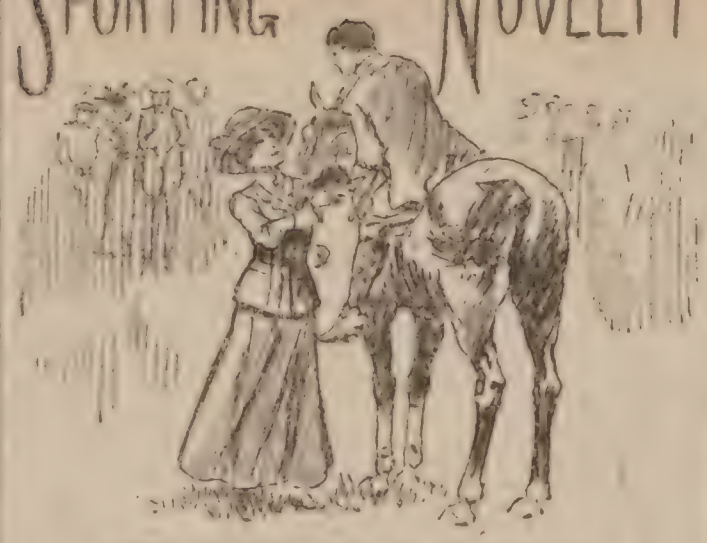
... many inquiries from readers ... who desire to place themselves ... and tuition of a teacher of phy...; the idea is sound, for, besides ... that is meant for all, it is ... course devised to meet ... requirements.

...ise all those readers who desire ... attention to place themselves in ...ds of Mr. T. Inch, of the Broad... He teaches by post, and gives ... attention to every one of his stu... which is an important matter.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE IN THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PROFESSION

... on the business methods ... All of Teaching Scientific ... P.O. 7d. post free, gives in... Don't be a ... BE A SUCCESS. ASTRO (Dept. S.), Publisher, ... Coalville, Leicester.

SPORTING NOVELTY



SOME NOVEL FORMS OF RACING.

A countryman may fall short of his town brother in the matter of business acumen, but when it comes to sport he proves that his bumps of initiative and invention are well developed.

At horse shows, cattle shows, Yeomanry camps, and other such functions, there are often to be seen sporting events of the most humorous and novel description.

One of the most amusing races I ever saw was one in which riders raced from the starting point to the end of the course and there stripped off their gaiters, boots, socks and caps and dressed themselves in pyjamas and nightcaps.

It was one of the conditions of the race that the jacket of the pyjamas had to be properly buttoned, and some of the competitors forgot that a jacket which fits very well over nothing is impossible to fasten over a heavy coat and vest.

They also had to remove their saddles and return bare-backed to the starting-point, which was also the winning-post. The sight of these pyjama clad figures, with bare feet hanging by the sides of their horses, was extremely amusing.

Another favourite horse race novelty is where the riders have to carry a needle and a reel of thread to the end of the course, where they have the needle threaded by a lady friend who is waiting for them.

The thread has to be knotted in the proper manner, and it is not always the man who brings home the trophy first who turns out to be the winner, for there is a lady judge to assist in deciding the result, and if she finds that the thread is not as it ought to be, the expectant winner may find himself out of it.

The fun in this case is largely due to the fact that the cotton and needles are supplied to the competitors and that in every case the eye of the needle is just a little too small for the thread.

A Gretna Green race is a favourite feature of country gatherings.

The details vary according to the taste and inventive powers of the participants, but always there are so many horsemen and an equal number of girls.

In some cases the young ladies stand beside the starting post and, on the word being given, have to scramble as best they can—of course with the assistance of their swains—on to their respective horses.

Sometimes the maidens are allowed the choice of sitting in front or behind, but in other cases this matter is decided for them by the rules.

At the far end of the course there are a number of books supposed to represent marriage registers, and, on reaching these, each couple has to dismount, sign one of the books, mount again and dash back to the starting place.

Another amusing country race is that in which agricultural vehicles take part. Necessarily this is a handicap, for the competitors ride on reaping machines, hay waggons and so forth. As the judges are generally very competent in the matter of handicapping, it is almost an impossibility to hazard an accurate guess as to which vehicle will win, and the race is therefore most interesting and exciting. T. W. GARDEN.

RAMBLING.

SOME THOUGHTS ON HOLIDAYS.

There are two ways of making and enjoying a holiday. One is to plan the whole thing out weeks and weeks in advance, the other is to make no preparation whatsoever. The man who plans generally excuses himself by the explanation that he is enjoying his holiday twice over, that he lives through it in anticipation and then in actual fact. And there is much to be said for his view of the matter.

For my own part, however, I feel that going through a well-planned holiday is like being a member of a theatrical company which travels from town to town and arrives at certain places on certain days, always without fail.

To my fancy, irresponsibility is part of the pleasure of a holiday, be it long or short; I do not feel that I want to have to follow any programme at all. I want to be absolutely free.

If I am going for a cycling holiday, be it for my summer ten days, or for a brief week-end, I pack what baggage I consider necessary upon my machine, mount it, and ride off, stopping when I am tired and putting up for the night.

The planner may say that by acting in this way I do not learn all I should concerning the country I am passing through. Very often I ride through a village or a town without so much as knowing its name, for towns are not labelled except with the familiar notice, "Motorists, please drive slowly." My reply to this objection is that when I am on a holiday the last thing in all the wide world I want to do is to learn anything at all.

I am not on an educational tour, but am taking my pleasure. I enjoy the sight of a town or village, but it does not matter to me whether it is called Plumpton or Slopborough. Neither have I the slightest curiosity to learn from the guide-book that a Roman ditch lies within a hundred yards of the road over which I am riding.

When I am out in the country, I am enjoying something better than history. I am living life. The thing that matters to me is Nature; the Romans, and all who have come after them as history-makers, seem but pigmies in the great drama of Life and Nature in which I am for the moment playing my little part.

And I feel that I am playing my part better when I am rambling than at any other time.

The spirit of adventure is upon me; I feel as free as an aimless mendicant, and to a man who is tied down to the service of an employer for most of his time, as I am, this sense of liberty is a delicious tonic.

It makes you feel your size, so to speak.

It puts vim into you and you feel that you are as good as anybody else.

Sometimes, instead of cycling, I go for a holiday by train, but never, never do I consult a time-table.

The last time I took train from Paddington; this time, therefore, I shall do so from Charing Cross. On reaching the station I go to the inquiry office and ask when the next train leaves and where it is going to; if I do not recollect my geography sufficiently to have an idea as to the distance of the train's destination, I ask the inquiry clerk how far away it is, for my means are limited, and I cannot always afford to travel as far as I should like to do. After a little questioning I discover a train that will take me the desired distance, and I step into it.

When I get there the place seems to have an extra charm for me; it is as if I had been transported by magic; I suddenly find myself in a town which I had no idea of visiting. My outlook upon it, therefore, is unbiassed by any preconceived notions, and I look about me with all the interest of a child.

From such a holiday I return refreshed and ready for work, unlike the man who has been slaving himself in his endeavour to keep up with the programme which he had mapped out long in advance. KENNEDY WATSON.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE MAN WHO IS CLIMBING.

In these weekly chats on business topics I have, I fear, confined myself rather too much to dealing with the interests of the man who already has a business of his own, and perhaps I have neglected the man who is merely aiming at having one some day.

In business articles it has hitherto been the custom for no one but the employee to be preached at. He has been told to get on or get out, to do it now, and other foolish things couched in Yankee phraseology, and, recalling the injunctions that have been levelled at him, I have tried to steer clear of that kind of thing.

Therefore I hope that you will not accuse me of taking you by the ear and playing the grandfather when I devote this week's article to the best way for a young business man to rise quickly.

My first advice to him is not to be priggish.

The successmongers have for some years been dinning into us the necessity for devoting every moment to business interests—which, as Euclid says, is absurd. The man who never lets his mind get off business, never does much at business.

You want to take your recreations pretty hard, for by so doing you will maintain your interest in life and consequently your interest in business.

Interest in business, apart altogether from money-making, you must always have if you are going to be successful; you must like the job for itself, apart from the money that it brings you at the end of the week.

My next little bit of advice is grossly impertinent, and does not apply to any reader of this page. It is to be honest. Honesty is one of the things that an employer not only appreciates, but rightfully demands from those who assist him, and any breach of it is twigged in a moment, however artfully the employee tries to conceal it.

By honesty I do not mean only in money matters, but in everything else. When an employer finds that in his absence his employees have been idling, it naturally gives him the worst possible impression, and a matter of this sort comes to his notice at once; he knows it in a dozen little ways, for you must remember that he has been many years at the game.

Initiative is indispensable if you are going to make a big success in business, but let the initiative be on sensible lines. The man who comes every morning to his chief with a list of ideas more or less hare-brained, certainly conveys the impression that he is a trier, but if the wheezes are unworkable, his chief also learns that he is lacking in judgment.

Get all the ideas you can and let your chief have them, but see that they are sensible and likely to be accepted.

I should set down memory as another stepping-stone to business prosperity. The man who can remind his chief of some letter that ought to be written, or someone who ought to be rung up on the 'phone when his chief has forgotten to do so, is a man worth having.

To make yourself worth having is the best way of making sure of your job.

To rise rapidly you must make yourself indispensable, but it is beyond my powers to tell you how to do that. Everything depends on your own particular job.

I recollect one case where an office boy, whose salary was 7s. 6d. per week, practically ran the office, keeping his chief right in a thousand ways and doing the work of a clerk, a typist, and a private secretary rolled into one. For a long time that office boy, in my opinion, was badly treated, for he ought to have been better paid, but his time came eventually. An employee of the firm left and started on his own account, and he offered to take the office boy with him at a salary of 25s. a week; on learning this, the boy's old employer at once offered him 30s., and the youngster is now on the high road to a very comfortable position.

He was a remarkable boy in many respects; I never knew him to forget anything, and here again the power of memory proved advantageous. Moreover, he had a good deal of acumen, and had a knack for suggesting new customers that none of the rest of us had thought of.

The secret of success in shopkeeping is to give good value; it is the same in office work or in any other form of employment. You must give a bit more than you are paid for, and the more you give the more you can demand in payment, and in payment we reckon success.

WINDOW DUMMIES.

There are still certain old-fashioned firms that believe in having nothing but genuine stuff in their windows. This foolish fancy leads to the spoiling of much valuable stock, and is in no wise more effective than the judicious use of the dummy.

The window of a London tobacconist is a lesson in dummy dressing. The gigantic bales of tobacco which it appears to contain are merely packing cases with a thin covering of tobacco glued over them. All the cigar boxes, except those that are shown open, are empty. The cigarette boxes and tins contain nothing more solid than air.

Chemists again use coloured water to fill the bottles that are supposed to contain ten shillings'-worth of perfume, and most of the ornamental boxes of soap displayed in their windows are empty.

Shopkeepers who are not in the habit of using dummies should write to their wholesalers and ask to be supplied with a dummy set of all the goods they deal in. Chocolate boxes, cigarette packets, cigar boxes and other things will be supplied to them free, or at a very low price, and they make a much more effective display than they could otherwise afford to do.

The other day I was much struck by the clever dressing of a grocer's window. It was piled up at both sides and behind with what appeared to be pound packets of tea. In the centre was a large cup apparently filled with the cheerful liquid. The grocer confessed to me that the packets contained nothing more valuable than sawdust, but the effect was every bit as good as if they had been filled with the finest leaf from China or Ceylon.

EDUCATED UNEMPLOYED.

If I advertised to-morrow for a clerk stipulating that he should be an M.A., and offered £2 a week I should have from ten to twenty applications from men with this degree.

The College man in business is in most cases like a fish out of water. It has been said of him that he generally drifts into being a teacher, thus imparting his knowledge to others instead of turning it to his own personal profit. It seems that is about the best thing the average College man could do. There are exceptions, but the majority of 'Varsity men are wholly unfitted for commercial life.

To begin with he is too old when he starts. Well over twenty, he has not the adaptability of the boy of fifteen. He is worth no more than a boy, for he is wholly ignorant of office work. Yet, even though he is willing to accept a boy's salary till he learns the routine, employers shrink from offering it to him, and s... extremely difficult to get into an office ... unless he has influence.

Granted that he has once made a ... has become a fairly proficient clerk, ... that a knowledge of academical subjects ... assistance whatsoever in business life. ... ing the aorist of a Greek verb does ... you in obtaining better discount ... merchant. And so the 'Varsity man finds ... self a business second-rater. His mind has ... over-educated, and has consequently lost ... vigour just as the muscle-bound athlete is ... active than the average man. The College ... clerk lacks the initiative which would help ... to rise quickly. He becomes in time a kind ... drudge, his greatest anxiety being to keep ... job.

His needs are great. He has been accustomed to certain comforts in life which he now finds impossible to do without. A salary which would enable the ordinary clerk to live in comfort is not regarded by the 'Varsity man as supplying the necessaries of life. £2 he fixes as the minimum, and, as he is scarcely worth it, he finds much difficulty in obtaining a post to start with or in getting a new one to the extent of losing his first.

He is usually very particular in regard to the professions he will adopt. Such a trade as shopkeeping he would regard as having anything to do with. His line is "genteel." Thus he bars himself from the most lucrative branches of business, and limits himself down to those clean and easy jobs that are already overstocked.

Be the reason what it may, the London employment market is full of men who have letters after their name, who have spent years in training their minds, but who are worse off than many a clerk of the most ordinary ability.

THE ART OF CANVASSING

The other day I happened to be talking to a certain successful grocer in the provinces, and I asked him his views on the value of canvassing for orders.

"I know that many grocers' assistants dislike canvassing very much," he said, "and do it grudgingly and consequently badly. They think that they are lowering themselves in doing it. If they only knew it, canvassing is one of the best training that a grocer can get. It makes him exercise all his tact and judgment in dealing with customers, and it is one of these two faculties that I at least have to thank for my business.

"The man who calls at the houses of customers to inquire if they have any orders is not a canvasser, he is merely a nuisance. A canvasser is a man who can secure orders from people who have never before patronised him.

"The first essential is that he should provide himself with a good stock of samples, and make a first offer to the prospective customer of something that she can taste—butter for example. He must not cut the price too low, but he certainly must not be are not asking more than the usual price in the district. When you have persuaded her to taste the butter and she has said that it is good, stick at her till you get an order.

"Probably she will say that she may order from you some time when she is passing. If your goods are good enough, especially if you are willing to allow a percentage as your pay. If she absolutely refuses to buy butter from you then, you must get her to order a pound to be delivered from hence.

"When you have secured her order, you must try her with something else ... biscuits, bacon, and so on.

"The grocer himself must back up the canvasser. Some grocers make a practice of charging a new customer more than she has been paying, and, of course, charging her more than she has counted on paying. Such a policy is suicidal. The first consideration of the tradesman must be to secure his customer's confidence. Once that is done and the struggle for business is not ...

I HAVE GOT RID OF MY FAT.

YOU CAN GET RID OF YOURS, TOO.

Let Me Send You My Cure to Try Free, also My Book and Photos and "Experiences" of Ladies and Gentlemen Who Speak Well of My Method.

I was fat all over, not merely fat "in places." I [illegible] pretty well everything, and at last discovered a [illegible] myself. My cure has cured many besides myself, [illegible] I can truthfully say I have never known it to fail [illegible] reduce superfluous flesh on or in any part of the [illegible] at the average rate of from 3 lbs. to 7 lbs. per week.

You will understand that the larger reduction takes place in the cases of persons who are what may be termed "fat all over." The lesser reduction is in those people who wish to reduce superfluous flesh on various parts of the body where fat is prone to accumulate, such as the chin, cheeks, neck, [illegible], waist, abdomen, and hips.

ARE YOU GETTING FLESHIER?

Are you getting fleshier? My cure will stop it, and to prove it I shall be glad to have you try it free of cost to yourself.

Do not go on growing fatter and fatter, seeing that I offer to send you a trial of my always successful cure without your having to pay a penny for it.

Some hundreds of men and women have up to now sent for a trial of my cure. Let me send you copies of what they say about what my cure has done for them. Their letters plainly tell you, too, can recover your proper figure and appearance.

The experiences of some of my correspondents are most interesting reading, I can tell you. Most of them tell of having tried other things without avail—as I did, too—and which almost persuaded them that their particular cases were hopeless. If you feel that way about your condition, don't feel discouraged. Pluck up courage and try the cure that cured me and has cured others.

WHAT YOU WILL NOTE.

I send you everything necessary for fourteen days' trial. Within that time you will note a remarkable improvement in your looks and feelings, I promise you. Here are just a few of the improvements you—and your friends—will not fail to note if you send for the free trial outfit of my cure:

(a) Several Pounds lighter in weight.

(b) Look several years younger.

(c) Feel brighter and more energetic.

(d) Heart palpitation will vanish.

(e) Walk will be more graceful.

(f) Eyes will be larger and brighter.

(g) Abdomen much less prominent.

(h) Waist circumference will be reduced several inches.

(i) Chin will not be so flabby.

(j) Neck and face swellings will reduce.

(k) Hips will lose their angularity.

(l) Arms will taper.

(m) Hands will lose their podginess.

The above photos show the remarkable effects of the Nelson Lloyd Safe Reducing Treatment. Full particulars and "experiences" of ladies and gentlemen who have reduced their weight and improved their health by this Treatment will be sent to all who accept the Free 14 Days' Trial Course as below.

Write accepting my offer of free trial, and above will not be the only improvements that will show you that you need not remain fat and ungainly.

Write to-day, and the day after to-morrow you can begin reducing your superfluous flesh 1 lb. per day. I will send you all that you require to start my treatment by return post, and sealed from observation—in fact no one need know what it is that is reducing your weight. People will just rub their eyes and wonder. I don't care what you have already tried without success. Remember, I tried them all myself, and it was only my own cure that cured me—has cured many others—and will cure you.

AT MY EXPENSE—NOT YOURS.

It is just because I know of the doubting fears that might hold you back from trying it that I offer to send you a trial of my cure at my own expense.

I will also send in the parcel a book describing how I discovered the cure—also "Experiences" and Photos of Ladies and Gentlemen (of all ages, including a lady 75 years of age) showing how they looked before and after trying my cure. When writing for the parcel, send me sixpenny postal order to cover postal and clerical expenses, and within thirty-six hours you will receive your parcel. Here is my name and address for letters:—

J. NELSON LLOYD,
97, St. Martin's House,
Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XV. A LOST ENDEAVOUR.

In the library of Bagley Court one evening in late summer there took place a conversation that was to exercise a potent influence upon the destiny of Richard Selby.

From the open windows of the library could be seen the undulating green-sward of the park and the magnificent timber for which it was famed, fit setting to what was deservedly called one of the stately homes of England.

To this impressive panorama the eyes of Derwood occasionally turned as he delivered himself in carefully chosen terms of that purpose for which he had sought this private colloquy with his host and friend Vincent Lyons.

"I well know my shortcomings," he wound up; "I am aware that my request may smack of temerity, that for Violet you could, if you wished, obtain a title and perhaps fortune better than I can offer her, but——"

"But all the same you want my permission to try your luck, eh?"

"If you are so generous as to overlook my unworthiness, yes."

Unquestionably, Derwood was anxious. His glance roved from the window and fixed on the face of the other, probing it for his thoughts. He was a man whose success in life had been largely due to the accuracy with which he read thoughts and motives in men. That gave him the cue for his subsequent actions.

But Mr. Vincent Lyons had a genial manner which never failed and which effectively screened his character. There was only one other individual as baffling to Derwood; and him he hated with all the force of his nature.

"My dear Derwood," said Lyons, "I'm the last person in the world you should come to for advice or encouragement. Violet rules me with a rod of iron. If I gave you my blessing and she didn't happen to approve of you, I should never hear the last of it."

"Meaning that it's an age of parental subjection to children," suggested Derwood, matching his light mood.

"Not exactly. A silent understanding that some matters forbid the interference of an outside party. For instance, Violet does not question me as to my Stock Exchange transactions——"

Derwood's gentle laugh interrupted him.

"Indeed no; I didn't imagine she did."

"That's my province and her love affairs are hers. Had her mother lived it would have been different. There would have been the London season, and so on. But Violet seems to have no taste for that. She flatly refuses to leave the country."

He gave the little shrug of affection and tolerant submission to the incomprehensible whims of women. He showed no sign of having noticed Derwood's ostentatious sigh at the mention of his wife. Derwood was wondering busily what exactly was the opinion this man had of him.

"I need hardly add," he said earnestly, "that my affection for Violet——"

"Tut," said Lyons quickly, "if it weren't I should order you out of the house!"

Then he laughed.

"Of course you're fond of her," he went on. "Who could help it? But as for marrying, that she must settle for herself. To me, it only seems yesterday that she was in her cradle."

This time his concealment of feeling was heroic, had Derwood but known. The reality that in course of time he must inevitably lose his daughter had come to Vincent Lyons tonight for the first time, but his courteous, genial demeanour remained unchanged.

"Then I have your consent?" said Derwood eagerly.

"To ask her, yes. But if she doesn't tell you she has made up her mind never to leave her dear old dad, then she's more faithless than I believe her to be. But here she is!"

He looked up and so did Derwood with a start. What was this incomprehensible man likely to say next?

"Violet," said Lyons with a gravity that she knew concealed amusement, "haven't you made up your mind to be an old maid all your life?"

"Yes; and keep tabbies," she agreed instantly.

"There you are!" said Lyons triumphantly to Derwood.

"Why, what's the dispute, dad?"

"Derwood's saying that it's quite time you thought about marrying; otherwise he's in mortal fear you'll be—bluntly speaking—on the shelf."

"Miss Lyons," put in Derwood, "I hope you won't punish me for such a scandalous misstatement of fact."

Violet looked from one to the other with a smile.

"I've always thought that men talk nonsense when they're alone," she said, "and now I'm sure."

"Violet," said her father solemnly, "that is one of the things—with all your insight—you will never, never know; what men talk about. It isn't the least little bit what you imagine, I assure you."

Derwood seized on this banter as an opportunity of testing his ground.

"Well, what should you say," he asked, "if someone seriously proposed to you?"

"If he didn't do it seriously I should box his ears," she laughed.

"But really," he persisted, "if he did?"

He was leaning forward. His meaning was unmistakable. Her teasing air disappeared and she seemed to examine him all at once in a new light. It had never even crossed her mind before to look upon Derwood as a suitor.

"She'd clutch him and never let go for fear he was her last chance," came a voice from the doorway, and Arthur Lyons entered.

"The irreverence of brothers!" sighed his father, whose ready sharing of his children's gaiety proved him to be as young at heart as they were in years.

"Hello, you're back," said Derwood, masking his disappointment that a reply to his question had been prevented. "What's the news from Westminster?"

"Politics!" said Violet. "Then I'm going."

"No; wait!" Arthur put out a detaining hand. "I got off at Moulden on the way down and I heard something that will interest you. And you, Derwood," he added.

"Oh, yes," she said.

"You know that handsome building that has been put up lately and fitted as swimming baths and gymnasium, boxing ring and so forth. Who do you think is behind it, financing it, in fact?"

He looked at Derwood.

"Surely you know?" he asked.

Derwood shook his head and looked blank.

"Selby, that young Richard Selby," said Lyons. "You know, Vi, that fellow you take such interest in."

Like a flash Derwood's eye found her face, but beyond the least trace of heightened [illegible] she showed no embarrassment.

"I didn't know," he interjected, "[illegible] Lyons was acquainted with him."

"Nor she isn't," said Arthur, whose mention of the news had merely been bluff. "But we've all heard of his remarkable progress and it's good to know that the townsmen are going to benefit. I hear that as soon as the building finished he is organising a programme of sports for which he will give handsome prizes."

"Very praiseworthy indeed," said Derwood with a faint sneer. "But of course his instincts would be towards helping his own class."

"On the contrary," said Vincent Lyons generally, "I have generally observed a rapid disclaimer of all connection with their former associates whenever a man climbs beyond his original level. I should like to know this man. He's enterprising, and that's a rare quality in these slack days."

"Oh, of course," observed Derwood, "he's worthy young fellow. A trifle coarse [illegible] mannered, perhaps, but one can overlook when——"

"I thought he was a friend of yours," Violet quietly.

"A friend? No; merely a business acquaintance. Of course, one has to make [illegible] sant to everybody."

"Do you think so?" she said, who knew her so well, saw that her spirit was aroused for some reason. curiously from one to the other impenetrably good-tempered face of He half expected something unpl low her coolly scornful remark, not usually sparing with her tongue thought occasion deserved it.

But to his surprise she saying more. Derwood felt that a slip, but in this house, where be on his best behaviour, he dared feelings.

Despite all his efforts Violet avoided being tête-à-tête with

II.

As has been indicated in these records Mr. Derwood's connection with the chair was purely incidental to his general career. The backbone and body of his were derived from his rolling mills, and he what can be described as a wealthy manufacturer.

Recently, ostensibly from a love of country life, but in reality from a sudden, overwhelming love for Violet Lyons, he had purchased an estate neighbouring Bagley Park. The result was that his occasional visits to [illegible] become plentiful as the result of

He was unaware of Vincent Lyons' opinion of him, as we have seen, but he had no apprehensions on that score. was a man who welcomed [illegible] whom he had not personal esteem.

The death of his wife, when their daughter were yet children, had left from which he had never recovered. he had known a solitude of heart never spoke, but which was at one way—that of retiring from public life and following the country gentleman.

To Derwood he attributed the same integrity that characterised himself, and ingly he had no objections to him as tive son-in-law.

It would have come as a shock to that Derwood's pride was that which is born of immense conceit and be capable of villainy.

Derwood's conceit was not [illegible] his ruin. He had continued in [illegible] because of a commercial jealousy of Selby's success. It was losing him able sum of money each week.

But of late there had crept a suspicion mind that he was to encounter Richard's in another field. If those suspicions

discretion. He recognised this, and kept himself well in hand. But he had Richard's movements shadowed and when at last word was brought him that Richard had met a clandestine appointment with Violet Lyons there was not a man in the four kingdoms nearer to the crime of murder than Derwood.

But this he dare not attempt; nor dare he, on reflection, obey his wild impulse to acquaint Vincent Lyons with his daughter's actions. That would inevitably provoke her anger against himself and probably beggar his chance of success with her irredeemably. He must find another and better plan.

* * * *

The telegram was brought into Richard's private office late one afternoon and opened by him, with a mind busily occupied by other matters. But even his fine command of expression failed him now and he gave a pronounced start. Then he went red. Then he ordered the clerk from the office in a voice to which the clerk was unaccustomed.

"Meet me," Richard read, "usual place eight to-night; don't fail." It was signed V. L., and had been sent from Bagley post-office, handed in at 4.50.

All [illegible] noted at a glance, though his excitement was immense. This was the first message he had received from her, and the facts took reason and judgment from him and left only uncontrollably eager.

Anxiety succeeded eagerness. Something intensely important must have induced this departure from pride and reticence. To his credit be it said that he felt no conceited gratification. He knew the motive must be urgent.

At eight o'clock it was growing dusk. Richard reached the clump of beeches where his meetings with her had taken place before, but there was no sign of her. Curbing his disappointment he leaned against a tree and waited.

Suddenly his ears caught a rustling of feet on the grass. Then he muttered a malediction on his ill-fortune. A man was coming through the clearing. He saw Richard, started as if about to run, then, following a closer scrutiny, he approached.

He was the tramp manifest, his boots ending prematurely and revealing bare toes, his clothes grotesque in their random fit. Richard looked at his knees and saw how he got his living.

"D'you know this land is private," said Richard sharply.

"No 'arm, sir," said the man. "Got a bit o' 'baccy?"

Anxious only for him to go, Richard handed his pouch and the man filled a blackened pipe with hands as black. He returned it with a word of thanks and lit up leisurely, sending out a cloud of smoke. He seemed surprisingly affable. Richard felt something about him

"a decent sort o' cove," observed the tramp. "Got the price of a drink to spare?"

Richard felt in his pocket and flung

"That's what I call generous. Say, I do a bit o' biznis wid yer?" He took something inside his coat and brought out a pencil. "Give us a tanner, eh?"

Richard could not help smiling. "Here you

[illegible] action, and this time it

and looked at it admiringly and

"This little lot," he said. "It's dirt cheap, the sort of chance you don't

Richard, becoming angry at the man advancing towards him. "Unless you want your neck twisted."

the man, retreating. "I only an honest penny." He flung round.

pleading tone Richard grew suslooked about, searching for a way departure. It was no good using his hands on the man when Violet Lyons might appear on the scene at any moment. His glance round revealed a startling turn of affairs. A couple of gamekeepers were advancing at the double. His companion darted away in the other direction.

"Damn!" muttered Richard; but he stood his ground. His appointment was on that spot with Miss Lyons and he meant to keep it. Besides, it was a very minor offence to be caught trespassing.

"Aha!" said one of the gamekeepers, coming up. "At last!"

Richard's eyes followed his to the game on the ground.

"There's your man," he said, indicating the fast retreating form. "He was trying to strike a bargain for them."

And like a flash he realised the absurdity of the statement. Was this trick or accident?

"That be hanged for a tale! You just come along with us. You can tell the magistrate that."

"Confound it, man," said Richard. "Do I look like a poacher?"

He certainly didn't, but they seemed to ignore the fact.

"Oh, indeed!" was the scornful comment. "Then what brings you here?"

What, indeed! Richard saw that he could give no reason. But a brawl was impossible under the circumstances. His brain worked feverishly for a way out of this mess.

"Besides," added the gamekeeper, "that 'ere game's what I should call prima fashee evidence, eh?"

All at once Richard found his solution.

"My friends," he said calmly, "your zeal outruns your discretion. I should imagine your employer would have something to say to you for arresting a friend of his for poaching."

The gamekeepers exchanged puzzled glances.

"What d'ye mean?" one asked.

"That that rough accosted me while I was making my way across the park to see Mr. Vincent Lyons on a personal matter."

They hesitated again, and he played his bluff right through.

"If you doubt it, you can accompany me to the house. But don't forget I shall have something to say to him about your infernal impudence."

"Sorry, sir," said one of them doubtfully, "but Mr. Derwood came to us a while ago and said as how he'd seen something suspicious going on in this quarter."

"Oh, did he?" said Richard, who now saw it all. Evidently the man who had scampered off was the only willing accomplice; and no doubt, had he been captured, an extra sovereign or two would have recompensed him for a short period of lost liberty.

"But there's the guv'nor," said the other gamekeeper, and Richard looking up quickly, saw Vincent Lyons and Derwood strolling along in friendly converse.

Again making up his mind with characteristic rapidity, Richard said: "Ah, that'll save me a journey," and he walked towards them, leaving the gamekeepers profoundly uncomfortable.

"Mr. Vincent Lyons?" said Richard politely.

"Yes?"

"My name's Richard Selby. I was taking the great liberty of coming to ask whether you would honour me by formally opening the swimming baths I've had erected in Moulden."

"Richard Selby!" Lyons offered his hand with a cordial smile. "Then I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. Certainly; I'll do what you ask with pleasure. You know Mr. Derwood? My son and daughter are away and he has walked over to take compassion on my loneliness. Come along to the house with us and we'll have a chat over a glass of wine."

As they walked along, Mr. Lyons chatted with Richard; Derwood felt insufferably neglected, but he hid his feelings well.

And for the next hour Derwood was one of the unhappiest of men. Richard had gained the footing of friendliness with the Lyons family—and he had been the instrument.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

A MAN'S RELIGION.

Religion is one of those things in which you cannot lay down hard and fast rules.

There are many creeds and variations of creeds, and the man whose thoughts have but recently turned to religious matters, finds it difficult to decide who is right and who is wrong.

There is truth in almost every creed, and it matters little which you embrace, provided you let your mind centre upon this elemental truth and do not allow yourself to be carried away by mere forms.

The great thing is to have a simple faith.

This is really all that a man can have; he cannot make himself swallow every detail preached by any one sect, but a simple faith is necessary to his peace and comfort.

A TERRITORIAL SONG.

One of our readers, Mr. W. Treves, has sent us a copy of a song specially composed for Territorials.

The music is dashing, and it has a rousing chorus, just the sort of thing you want to expand your lungs upon at sing-songs.

The title of the song is the appropriate one of "Our Territorials." The words are extremely patriotic, and the sentiment is one that will be shared by all members of the Force and their admirers.

It is good to see that the Territorial Force is to be complete even in this detail, unlike the old Volunteers, instead of having to borrow the songs of the regular Army.

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THE CHARM OF GREEN

To sit in the shade on a fine day and look upon verdure is the most perfect refreshment.—JANE AUSTEN.

Green—Nature's anodyne for tired eyes, weary brains, and fevered hearts.

The city toiler, pent within bricks and mortar, thinks longingly of waving trees and grassy downs; he dreams of lying under the cool shade of the one, or rolling like some frisky colt on the soft mattress of the other.

The sick man, tossing on uneasy couch, babbles of green fields, striving, however unconsciously, to drug himself to sleep with the safest of all opiates—a vision of Nature's green.

The exile on some far-flung frontier of Empire turns his weary gaze from the brown and arid plain or the cold, inhospitable white of the eternal snows, and let his thoughts go homing back to England. They wander from one thing to another—Piccadilly and Bond-Street, the fleshpots of Egypt, the clubs of Pall Mall, the divans of the West—he is but a man, with all a man's desires, but at last like some tired bird they come to rest on a patch of English turf.

THE HOME SPOT.

It may be an old English lawn, that has been cut, and watered, and rolled almost since the days of Adam; it may be the luscious, prodigal green of old Ireland that takes form before his vagrant mind's eye; or, mayhap, he sees some fair, green sward where the stumps are set; or again, the green of Goodwood may claim his fancy; or yet again, he closes his eyes and sees his mother-land wrapped in her magic mantle of summer green.

But, wherever it may be, his errant fancy settles at last on Nature's green, and settling, is at peace, though the other men curse him, because he voices his thoughts and tortures them with maddening visions of cool, captivating green.

The lost traveller, crawling desperately across the burning desert, afraid to raise his starting eyes lest he see the remorseless vultures hovering with stripped talons in the brazen sky above, dreams deliriously of leafy groves around a clear green, crystal pool, and mayhap his last glimpse of earth is of branching, foliage-laden trees, as his fast glazing eyes close on the cruel, green mirage of the desert, and the horrid scavengers swoop down, and hop questioning towards him. And I see other things when I think of green.

THE GAMBLERS.

Fœtid the air, death-like the stillness, broken only by faint click of rolling ball, rustling fall of card, or quick-checked exclamations of joy and anger. The board of green cloth, set in an unlovely frame of white, tense avaricious faces. Just a yard or two of common green cloth, yet the devilish fascination of it has cost men their fortunes, their honour, their lives. A metallic green, a malignant green, a murderous green, the green of the gambling den.

* * * * * * *

"Steady, men, steady!" There is no need for the caution. Every man knows it is nip and tuck with him now, and braces himself for the supreme ordeal. And soon it comes. The far-off cloud sweeps nearer like a great rushing sandstorm, and then breaks into a foaming line of wild horsemen, drunk with the exultation of battle, drunk with the promise of green-eyed houris in Paradise. In the van, and over them floats a green banner.

But the square stands, and the disciplined men hold their fire till they can see the dirty whites of the eyes of their undisciplined foes, and then the death-storm bursts, and the green banner of the Prophet is humbled to the dust.

IRELAND'S EMBLEM.

But it is not only infidels who give their lives for a wisp of green. Have you ever heard an Irishman, or an Irishwoman sing the forbidden song, "The Wearin' o' the Green"?

Hear it, as I heard it, sung in a wild country district in Ireland by an old, old woman whose only son was to die shamefully on the gallows in the morning for a political crime, and Saxon though you be, you will never forget it.

I, at least, shall carry to my grave the haunting memory of the old crone rocking herself to and fro, and singing in tones plaintive, heart-breaking as curlew's mournful cry:

"They're hangin' men and women too
For the wearin' o' the green."

* * * * * * *

He is a confounded nuisance is young Hammersley, with his high-falutin' "principles"; his clear, candid eyes seem to see through us sinners, and the sensation is disconcerting. And he has a most unjustifiable and intolerable conviction that we are his guardian angels and that he is perfectly safe with us.

Still I like him. He is so refreshingly green. Would that I were green like him once more!

I can foresee young Hammersley's end. He'll go on through life trusting everybody, quite convinced, though he is a modest youth, that the world is full of good fellows who are kind to him for the "sake of his beautiful eyes" (the women certainly will be). The Providence that watches over fools will guard him, assisted by worldly, selfish, sinful men, who, though they kick themselves for sentimentalists, can't help liking the irritatingly ingenuous ass.

SIMPLE AGE.

As an old man he will be hale, and wholesome—and green. Seventy years and more will not have robbed him of his idiotic optimism; his fatuous belief that there is good in everyone, if you only know where to look for it. At three score and ten he will be as verdant as he is now at one score and one.

Yet people will not laugh at him. Indeed, they don't now, not even behind his back.

No, when emerald-green Johnny is an old man, other men will come to him for advice, women will sob out their sorrows by his chair, and he'll ladle out the infernal old copy-book maxims about fearing God and shaming the devil, and running straight, and keeping faith with man and woman, which, confound him, he is always ramming down our throats now—not that Johnny ever preaches, but it amuses us to hear his bud-green views, though our smiles are often a bit twisted.

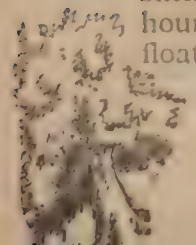
And, strange though it may seem, these troubled men and women will go away from old Johnny comforted, heartened, bucked up, though the dear old ass has just been talking like a simple, innocent child. Then the children will claim him for a romp, for he will be the biggest child of them all, almost as green and strong of body, as he will be green of heart, a green old man, honoured and loved in his green old age.

AT THE END.

I shall not be there to see it, but that is Johnny Hammersley many years after I am laid to rest under my last canopy of green.

And when my hour comes I believe that in my last thoughts I shall be a little child again, lying out under the green trees, clutching vainly at the shimmering, tantalising, tossing green leaves, fascinated, soothed, enchanted by the green, as I have been drawn, lulled, and held in thrall all my life by the magical charm of green.

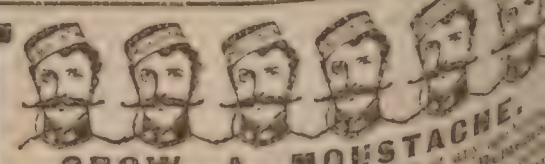
R. J. GORING.



A MONEY-SAVING TIP.

There are many men who do not care ... the trouble of keeping accurate ... small cash, but who nevertheless ... disturbed when they find that they ... less in hand than they expected.

An excellent plan is to keep a separate ... for copper and for silver; you ... shilling in the morning and find by ... that your copper pocket is empty. ... you up at once and makes you ... expenditure. The plan also prevents ... ing out the wrong coin in the dark.



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Occupation, ...

Date, ...

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HE INGENUITY OF THE MODERN CRIMINAL.

is the custom with most rance companies, on a cy being taken out, to their inspector to ex- ne the furniture, in order ee that it has not been in- d beyond its value, and usual for him to return eek or so later—secretly time—to see that the iture is still there. his precaution is due to successful swindles prac- some years ago. A named Brown and his would take a shop or a e, have it fitted up, and re it for £200; it was smallness of the amount kept suspicion from them so long. ter the inspector had made his examina- a furniture van would call at the place and ve the valuable pieces of furniture to some r house, where a fresh policy would be n out with a different company under a rent alias.

hen the time was ripe, Brown and his wife a visit to a neighbour, for the sake of an , and while they were there it was an- ced that their shop was on fire. e incendiary was another member of the g who, supplied by Brown with a key, en- d the place, saturated everything with ffin, ran a train of paraffin soaked tape to room, and fixed a short lighted candle re the tapes met. Five minutes after his arture the place was a furnace.

EW LEADER.

old lady who was confined to bed perished ne of these fires, and Brown, having to ar at the inquest, lost his nerve and de- d Osborne, another member of the gang, ake the leadership and be the responsible nt of each shop. sborne, however, was so nervous when in- iewing the insurance officials that their icions were aroused; they kept a watch on next shop, and, from the evidence they red, the police finally arrested the whole g of scoundrels.

very neat swindle was recently carried out a man who posed as an art collector. is chief treasures were two genuine old ters worth several thousands of pounds . He did not trouble insuring his furniture, he took out large policies for each of these res.

bout a month afterwards the collector gave arty and exhibited his pictures in triumph is friends.

VERTED GENIUS.

hey were in the midst of dinner when some- smelt smoke, and, going to the door, the discovered that smoke and flames were ing up the staircase from the basement. safety of his guests was apparently his first ught, and he marshalled them out of the se.

hen it was discovered that it was impossible return to the dining-room, for the place was dy on fire.

he house was reduced to ashes, and amongst débris were discovered fragments of the pic- frames, pieces of canvas still fixed tightly ween the stretchers and the gilt woodwork. ere was tangible evidence that the pictures been destroyed, and the collector's guests e testimony to the fact that they had seen pictures immediately before destruction. So insurance company paid up.

was a year later when one of the officials pened to read in an American paper that the old masters for which they had paid compensation had just been sold in New York.

Shortly afterwards the company received a boastful letter from the swindler informing them that he had secured excellent copies of the paintings, and that it was these copies which his friends had seen and which had been burned. The others he had removed to a safe-deposit. They never managed to track him down.

Bogus burglaries do not trouble the companies greatly, for they are always badly done and the work is obviously not that of a cracksman.

Not long ago a jeweller in North London claimed compensation on this head, and in his shop was discovered a motley collection of burglar's tools.

There were two dark lanterns, three jemmies and even a mask.

THE FLAW IN THE EVIDENCE.

That in itself made the company suspicious, but the fraud was not finally proved till a detective pointed out that a portion of the door to which the staple holding the bar was fixed, and which the jeweller alleged the burglars must have cut out, could not have been removed if the bar were in position at the time.

A very nice case was being worked up against this jeweller, but he bolted.

A man who claimed to have lost his sense of feeling as the result of a railway accident, convinced the jury by laying a lighted match on the back of his hand and calmly watching it burn itself out. He quite forgot to mention that he had injected cocaine in his hand a moment before entering the court. STUART FREEMAN.

THE HORSEY FACE.

It is an error to suppose that every man who is expert in horsemanship should necessarily have a long upper lip and that peculiar type of eye which one associates with the groom.

There are many men who are excellent horsemen and who are never happier than when in the saddle, but whose faces do not show the slightest sign as to their recreation.

You will find the horsey faces amongst men who have nothing whatsoever to do with horses. It is common amongst boxing men, and is often to be found in wrestlers and sailors.

It would appear that the horsey face is largely the outcome of muscular tension consequent upon great momentary effort, and it is therefore possible for the horsey face to be developed by men who have nothing whatsoever to do with the horse, just as some who have much to do with him never acquire it.

CYCLE SWEATING.

Most of us have experienced the discomfort which generally accompanies the wearing of a cycling cape. These capes, being of macintosh, retard the evaporation of sweat from the skin, and, unless you are careful, you will find, after riding for a short time with a cape on, that your skin is all clammy.

This discomfort can be avoided by going slow whenever you find it necessary to wear your cape. You should also stop occasionally to cool down, and unless the rain is very heavy, you should leave the top button of the cape loose, so that a current of air can pass up from the bottom of it between the cape and your jacket.

It is necessary to give the matter attention, for if you allow yourself to get into this clammy sweat, you are very liable to catch cold afterwards.

FAMOUS TERRITORIAL CORPS.

III. THE DEVIL'S OWN.

It may seem wrong to class as a Territorial corps that crack London battalion which has since the beginning of the Volunteer movement been known as "The Inns of Court Volunteer Rifle Corps," or more familiarly as "The Devil's Own."

Strictly speaking, the I.C.R.V., as, I suppose, one should no longer call them, are not Territorials.

They form the 27th (County of London) Battalion of the London Regiment, and the recruits on attestation incur the same obligations as the Territorial soldier, but the corps is in reality an officers' training corps, though differing from those of the universities and public schools in being attached to a regiment.

The War Office has only quite recently, after prolonged consideration, produced a scheme by which the status of the corps under the new regime is made (more or less) clear, the obligation to serve in this country on mobilisation being added to the ordinary regulations at the request of the corps itself.

The original scheme fixed the term of service at four years, no re-engagement being allowed.

Presumably each retiring member was expected to take a commission in another corps.

The nickname of "The Devil's Own" is nearly a century old, and was given to the corps by a reigning monarch—George IV., I think it was.

At a review His Majesty's eye fell on the Inns of Court Volunteers, and turning to his aides-de-camp he asked who they were. He was told.

"Lawyers?" said the King. "Call them 'The Devil's Own.'"

But the I.C.R.V. are not only lawyers, for the corps is recruited from all past and present members of the universities or past members of public schools, as well as from the four Inns of Court whose arms are included in their badge, and from the Faculty of Advocates of Scotland, and the King's Inn of Dublin.

All its members join as privates, even the officers having served in the ranks.

To give a list of its distinguished members in the past would be impossible, for their name is legion—judges, famous advocates, and Queen's and King's Counsel galore.

The present C.O. is Col. A. Glen, K.C., V.D., and the corps is proud to claim as its Hon. Colonel F.M. Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

The corps mess at 1, Paper Buildings, in the peaceful surroundings of the Temple, provides a very handy club for the lawyer members, and with headquarters, drill hall and Morris Tube range in Lincoln's Inn, the corps is as well equipped as any in London.

In addition to these facilities it has a pavilion at Bisley which serves as headquarters and mess during the many short trainings and musketry practices that are arranged in addition to the annual camp on Salisbury Plain.

"The Devil's Own" do a great part of their soldiering in what to some corps would seem luxury, but they are as capable of roughing it as any. They sent a large contingent to South Africa, and in efficiency are second to no unit in the auxiliary forces.

This is no doubt due largely to the fact that they are without exception well-educated men, and in time of emergency we should look to them for officers to fill the gaps in the commissioned ranks of the Territorial Army.

And they will make ideal officers; they are older and more experienced than the other branches of the Officers' Training Corps; they have earned the right to lead by learning to follow.

And with its mounted squadron, machine gun and signalling sections, and its war-game club, the corps gives them every opportunity for acquiring an all-round knowledge of the principles of war. S. McL. PARKER.

The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CLEANING PANAMAS.

A panama is one of those things which lasts a long time, provided, of course, that you buy a good one to begin with.

I have seen men on the river with panamas that are most obviously a few years old; they are dirty and the ribbon upon them is frayed and shabby. This should never be.

If your panama is past its first youth, you should strip the ribbon off it, put the hat on some sort of frame, and scrub it well with a nail brush and ordinary soap.

It is easy to find a suitable frame for washing a panama upon. You must make up something from what is at hand. A long narrow basket, or even a big marmalade jar will do, but it must be packed round about, so that the hat is tightly stretched upon it before you begin to wet it. When you wet a panama it shrinks a bit, and it is to prevent this shrinking that you must have it tight upon some form of stretcher while it dries.

The washing itself is the simplest business possible, and when the hat is properly dried, you should buy new ribbon for it, and persuade your sister or the kind young lady friend, whom I have mentioned before, to sew it on.

POSITION OF WATCH CHAIN.

Some men do not wear watch chains at all, but I suppose the majority still stick to the old tradition, and it is therefore a point of interest as to where the watch chain should be worn.

Should it be across the waist or across the chest?

I am in favour of the latter plan. Wear your watch in the top left-hand pocket of your waistcoat, pass the chain through the buttonhole opposite, fix your card-case or your sovereign purse on the other end of your chain, and put it in your top right hand pocket; then you have a line across your chest which draws attention to that part of your anatomy and makes it seem a bit bigger than perhaps it really is.

When you wear a watch chain across your waist, it has a similar effect, only this time it makes the waist seem bigger, and nobody wants that.

The chesty effect cannot so easily be obtained if you are wearing only a short watch-guard going from the buttonhole to the pocket, but still it is better to wear even a short watch-guard in this position than to have it down at the waist.

FOR THE LAPEL.

Now that every garden is yielding its quota of flowers, we can all of us enjoy a buttonhole and if it is a well chosen one, it sets off a man's appearance to a wonderful extent.

Don't have a very large flower and don't have more than one.

A rose-bud looks uncommonly well, but a bunch of roses in the lapel is much too noticeable to be tasteful.

You see some men on the platforms of suburban stations wearing a sort of flower-show in their buttonholes, but I don't suppose that even they would claim that this was good dressing if you asked them; rather is it a sign of good horticulture, and probably that is why they decorate themselves in this way.

Wear a buttonhole, but do, as you value your appearance, keep it small.

NEW FACINGS.

If you have an overcoat faced with velvet, you should from time to time have the facings renewed. The cost is very small and the expenditure is well made.

The velvet facings are more noticed than all the rest of the coat, and if they are shabby the whole appearance of the garment is spoilt.

The same thing applies to silk facings on frock coats.

Very often you find that the silk facing runs down the left side slightly over the top buttonhole. You are not meant to use this particular button, but some day, without thinking, you will, in buttoning up your frock coat, try to put this button through, with the result that the edge of the silk facing will be damaged.

If you see that this has happened or that the silk is becoming dull with dust or shiny with wear, you should not hesitate to send it to the tailor's to have new facings put on.

Very often this is all that the coat wants to make it smart again. The extravagant man throws away such a garment because he does not know or does not think of this little repairing wheeze.

FURBISHING UP.

Of course your brush your clothes—each day if you are careful, and once a week if you are just average.

The clothes brush serves its own excellent purpose, but sometimes you will find that it does not go far enough. If you examine a suit that has been in wear for some months, you will see here and there marks that could scarcely be called stains, but that are yet noticed by the close observer. The clothes brush will not take them out and you ought to persuade them with a wet rag and a bit of soap.

Do not wet the cloth any more than you have to, and make sure that you give the place a good rubbing with a soapless cloth afterwards, in order to take all traces of the soap out.

PLEATED SHIRTS.

Pleated shirts are now very popular, and the fashion is one that entirely meets with my approval; but if you wear pleated shirts you must see that you patronise a good laundry, for, if the ironing is badly done, the pleats are all ruffled and made unsightly.

With a pleated shirt that has been properly laundered, I think that the best neckwear is a bow tie.

It always seems to me that in the ordinary way a bow tie does not sufficiently relieve the expanse of shirt beneath it, but where a shirt front is pleated, this objection does not hold good.

Remember that a pleated shirt in itself is a little bit showy, so that you want to choose one with a quiet colour.

THE SUMMER OVERCOAT.

If you have requisitioned the services of your last year's summer overcoat, you ought to hold a careful inspection of it to see that it is up to the mark.

Buttonholes very often show signs of fraying, but the chief danger point is the seam at the bottom of the coat. It has been beaten against your legs at every step for many hundreds of times, and when a coat has reached its second season you will generally find some defect in the sewing of this seam. I have seen otherwise well-dressed men wearing a light dust coat where the bottom seam had sprung its bearings round nearly half the coat.

For the setting right of a matter like this, you must talk nicely to that useful lady friend to whom I have already alluded.

Although the summer overcoat may be fairly well put to rights at home, I think it would pay you to send it for a cleaning up, either to your own tailor or to a repairing tailor. Don't have it dry cleaned, but simply well brushed, sponged and pressed.

The cost should be about half-a-crown.

A TRIM UMBRELLA.

I have already pointed out that one from time to time scrub one's umbrella it of the mud which soon bespecks it, for, used on wet days, it naturally has to ta chance with the flying dirt of the streets.

The care of an umbrella should not end however. For one thing it ought to be tightly and neatly rolled; an umbrella th carelessly put together makes a man loo tidy.

Another point is this. Have a look occ ally at the end of the spokes and also at junction, down beside the point.

At these places you will often find a point of thread sticking out where the stit of the cloth has come undone, and you s dock them off with your nail scissors.

WHITE LINES ON TIES.

You see many ties with white lines them, and very attractive they look, but inclined to think that this form of decor whether the lines be straight or in curves, a very good one.

The next time you see a man wearing with white lines upon it, you will notice the lines carry on the white of his shirt thus seem to break the tie up in a way t not conducive to the best effect.

Spots, on the other hand, whether white or anything else, always look well tie, for they do not break it up in the way.

SAGGING JACKETS.

After wearing a suit for a bit, you will very often that the jacket begins to sag.

This is due to the cloth getting wet shrinking a little, while the lining remains same length. Consequently the lining be to show beneath the bottom of the coat, or the coat takes on what you might call edges—its old one, now half an inch up, an new one some distance below.

This is one of those things that can be right with very little trouble. All that w doing is the ripping up of the seam at the tom of the coat, the turning in of the lining the required distance, and the tacking down again.

Who is to do this work for you, you know.

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o case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send y a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

re are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single nent, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London.

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Vest.—White with black stripes; 36 chest; .—Box 507, "The Modern Man," 67, Long London.

eman, 5ft. 5in., slim build, has a good square-acket suit, blue-brown Irish tweed (Harris) and trousers, dark morning coat, fancy coat, and trousers, dark frock coat, suit, all condition; 3 pairs of boots, size 6½; New-et overcoat, black; silk hat and leather hat-5⅞; various ties, collars, suits, hats, and caps; seam of trousers 29in., chest 33in., waist Lot 70s. No approval; too cheap.—Box The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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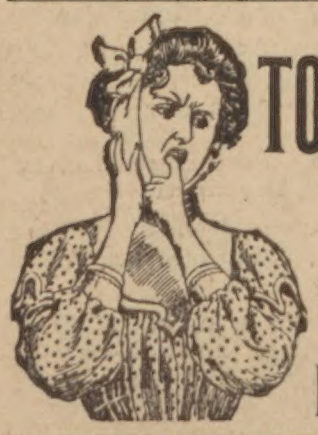

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